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P O E M S.

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BY

MARY S. FACKRELL.

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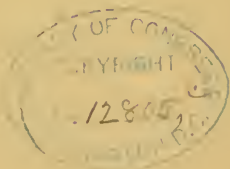
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Dedication.

TO MY

DAUGHTERS SARAH AND AGNES,

WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO MY HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY THROUGH A PERIOD
OF YEARS,

This book is most respectfully dedicated

AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION

BY A

FOND MOTHER.

P R E F A C E .

IN exposing this little work to the criticising eye of the public, without the knowledge that it will meet the sympathy of friends or neglect of strangers, it is with no little diffidence that I attempt the task, with no apology save the urgent request of my children. I therefore venture to throw it into the great ocean of literature, that it may sink or swim, according to its own merits, abiding by the decision of the ever-ruling power, "Public Opinion." Many of the productions were written in early life, and are not characterized by the maturer thought apparent in those of a later period ; some of which were published in the "Advance," edited by J. W. Hopkins, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.,—the prose pieces over the signature "Seaweed." The "Advance" was published during the Rebellion, which accounts in a measure for the patriotic sentiment so prominent, and running almost in a direct line through the whole collection bearing that date.

Should this work answer no other purpose, it has been a source of employment and gratification not only amidst

the duties and cares of life, but in deepest sorrow has sometimes turned the channel of thought, and occupied the mind which might otherwise have been given a prey to melancholy. The contents of the book have been called forth from time to time, during a busy life, as opportunity would suggest ; and, whatever be the verdict of a discriminating press, we feel assured they have at least the merit of advocating principles that are strictly in accordance with moral law and sacred truth.

MARY S. FACKRELL.

OGDENSBURG.

CONTENTS.

POETRY.	PAGE
Up and Doing.....	I
"Each Cloud has a Silver Lining".....	2
On ! the Band is Marching.....	3
Children's Wishes.....	4
Sabbath Bells.....	7
Lines on the Death of Mrs. P. <i>A Request</i>	9
The Crystal Engine. <i>A Prize Poem</i>	10
Good-Night, Mamma.....	11
Lines inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. P., of Brier Hill.....	13
Little Freddie.....	14
To Mrs. S. H. Rice. <i>By Request</i>	16
"Onward".....	17
"The Fool hath said in his Heart, There is no God.".....	19
A Child at Prayer.....	21
An Impromptu Tribute to the Memory of Robert McDowell, Esq.	23
Nebraska.....	25
A Morning in June.....	27
The Emigrant.....	29
National Hymn.....	31
Be Firm.....	33
Stand by your Country.....	34
Flag Raising.....	36
Tribute to Col. Ellsworth.....	37
National Song.....	39
Our Country.....	40
Lines on the Death of Charles Backus.....	42
Men of the Hour.....	43
Stand by your Colors.....	44
Is there Hope for the Slave ?.....	46

	PAGE
Epitaph for Nellie O. Aged 3 years.....	48
Where are they?.....	48
The Laugh of a Child.....	49
Written for the "Sabbath School 'Trumpet' ".....	50
Softly she Faded.....	51
Minstrel's Good Night.....	52
Lines for Music. Respectfully inscribed to H. S. P.....	53
The Grave of an Infant.....	54
The Skater's Song.....	55
Song.....	56
An Address to the Philomathean Society of P.....	57
Lines on the Death of John A. Fulton.....	59
Home of Childhood.....	60
Victory.....	62
The Empire of Memory.....	63
Despair.....	64
Frances.....	65
Song—Come, Sign the Pledge.....	66
Silas Wright. Volunteer Toast.....	68
Woman's Rights.....	69
Friendship. To Jane.....	73
The Light on the Water.....	74
Epitaphs.....	76
To a Friend's Family.....	79
Music.....	79
Tears.....	80
Song of the "Total Abstinence Man ".....	81
To the Winds.....	82
Tribute to the Memory of Miss Margaret McDowell.....	84
To the Evening Star.....	87
The United Republic.....	89
Temptation.....	90
Light through the Storm.....	90
My Wild Vine Bower.....	91
Reminiscences.....	92
J. L. Joice.....	93
The South Wind.....	94
A Mother's Love.....	95
To Margaret P.....	97

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
To War	98
Aggie to Sarah.....	98
The Twin Sisters.....	99
Reflections at a Grave.....	100
To Mrs. S.....	102
To Sarah.....	103
To Rev. L. A. W.....	104
Thoughts on Childhood.....	105
Parody on "Kingdom Comin'"	107
Will you go to the Fair?.....	108
An Acrostic.....	110
Ode to the Moon.....	110
The New-Year.....	113
Farewell to Summer.....	115
To Agnes.....	116
Childhood for Sarah S.....	117
To Mrs. M. E. H.....	118
"That Land," by J. L. Joice.....	120

PROSE.

Mind.....	122
An Incident in Every-day Life.....	125
Music. <i>An Essay</i>	131
Scraps from a Note-Book.....	135
Keep the Heart Right	138
The Contrast.....	141
Speak a kind Word when you can.....	144
The Fourth of July.....	145
Shall we Falter?.....	147
Scraps from a Note-Book.....	149
Love, Purity, and Fidelity.....	152
Home	153
America.....	157
Clouds.....	159
Rain	160
The Utility of Decoration.....	161
A Sketch.....	162

P O E M S.

“Up and Doing.”

“UP and doing,” never weary,
Be thy motto on through life ;
Though the path be dark and dreary,
Fear not, faint not, 'mid the strife.

Doubt not, wait not ; while ye tarry
Other hands the prize may gain ;
From the well-known path ne'er vary,
Lest ye seek the goal in vain.

Time and tide ne'er wait for idlers ;
What thou doest, do it well—
Leave thy mark—upon time's record—
Let thy deeds the future tell.

In the cause of right—pursue it,
And truth's sacred banner guard—
Duty learn, then dare and do it ;
In thy breast is thy reward.

Though the present ne'er requite you,
Though ye reap not from the soil,
Though life's waves dash wildly round you,
Nobler, braver is thy toil !

Though earth's prospects all are blighted,
Though with grief the heart be cold,
Way-worn, weary, and benighted,
Seeking rest without the fold,—

Look not back, nor sigh in sadness
For the joys whose light is fled,
Golden promises of gladness
Which perchance now too, are dead.

“Up and doing,” on and ever ;
Hope shall waft thee o'er the tide ;
Faith's pure light will beam forever ;
Trust, and gain the other side !

—:O:—

“Each Cloud has a Silver Lining.”

I PAUSED as those words gently fell on my ear,
So full of bright promise to strengthen and cheer,
For a dark cloud of sorrow hung over my sky,
And each thought which had birth was the home of a sigh.

How oft as I've gazed for some star midst the gloom,
Or some spot in the waste where hope's flow'rets might
bloom,

Has the star in the distance sent forth a cold beam,
And echo repeated, Life's but a sad dream !

Oft, cheerless and lone, I have murmur'd to tread
Life's path, dark beneath me, and darker o'erhead ;
But a tinge on the cloud sent a thrill to my breast—
For I knew it was gemmed with a beautiful crest !

A ray of glad sunshine had broken the spell,
Dispersing the shade o'er my pathway which fell ;
Its warm, genial influence had parted the cloud,
And I saw it was lined with a silvery shroud !

—:O:—

On! the Band is Marching.

PARODY.

OH ! the day has come at last
When the glorious news is heard,
And the Band is marching many thousand strong,
And we grasp each other's hand,
Though we utter scarce a word,
As the swelling tide triumphant rolls along.

CHORUS—On, on, on, the Band is marching,
Like an army, strong and free,
And they dash away the wine,
Give the "Pledge" a countersign,
And they stand beneath the Temperance banner
free.

Oh ! the feeblest heart grew strong,
 And the most despondent sure,
 When we signed the glorious pledge we love so well,
 And we knew that want and woe,
 We no longer should endure,
 When the strength of freemen burst our prison cell.

CHORUS.

Now the war with rum is o'er,
 And the vict'ry gained at last,
 And the cause we love and cherish too is won ;
 All the wrong we must regret,
 But the past we will forget,
 While the noble Temperance army marches on.

CHORUS.

—:O:—

Children's Wishes.

HARRY.—I WISH to be a sailor bold
 Upon the broad blue sea ;
 I love to roam o'er its sparkling foam,
 Its waves so wild and free ;
 I love to sleep on the boundless deep,
 Rocked by the restless tide ;
 And spread the sail to the sweeping gale
 In all a sailor's pride.

EMMA.—I wish to be a milliner,
 And sport the latest style,
 For out of fashion, in the world,

Is only "durance vile."
I would arrange the colors well,
The modes with taste and skill,
And make the homely or the fair
More lovely at my will.

FRANK.—I wish to be a soldier brave,
I love the fife and drum ;
I'll go where duty, honor calls,
Whatever foe may come.
The patriot hero's grave be mine
When life's last spark is fled,
And wreaths of ever-living fame
Adorn my brow when dead.

ROSE.—I'd like to be a pretty flower,
And pearls of dew-drops wear,
With brightest hues to deck the bower
Or scent the summer air ;
I'd greet the weary passer-by
With bright and blooming smile
Adorn the head of innocence,
Or charm the happy child.

HORACE.—I wish to be a printer just,
And tell the world the news,
To hold up all that's good and great,
And knowledge wide diffuse.
I'll advocate the cause of right,
Nor stoop to any bribe,
And will free speech and press defend,
Whatever may betide.

LYDIA.—I wish to be a poetess,

For I am fond of rhyme ;
But mine shall be true sentiment,
Poetic, grand, sublime ;
I'll gayly paint the beautiful,
And draw from nature's store ;
To win and wear an author's name,
This gained, I'll ask no more.

GEORGE.—I wish to be a "President,"
With rule o'er land and sea ;
Our "Flag" should wave o'er ev'ry slave
Proclaiming "Liberty !"
No traitor vile, with wily smile,
Should any office hold,
Who'd spread a curse to fill his purse,
Or sell his soul for gold.

MARY.—And I would be a woman true,
To live and love for all,
To dry the tear from sorrow's eye
When hope and pleasure pall ;
Would seek to elevate the race,
And bow at virtue's shrine ;
To cheer, to bless, death's pillow smooth,
Such hope, such love be mine.

MOTHER.—I've listened to your ev'ry wish
With pleasure, pride, and hope ;
An upright part, ambition high,
Deserve a free, full scope ;
But human life is stamped with change,
Though all seems passing fair ;
Your highest good—a sinless heart—
Should be your chiefest care.

April 4, 1862.

Sabbath Bells.

HARK, the bells of Sabbath morning—
Messengers of hope and rest—
Floating on the gentle breezes,
Speaking peace to every breast.

Sabbath Bells, your hallowed chiming
Softly strikes a tender chord,
Waking fond and golden memories,
Treasures, in the bosom stored.

Memories of happy childhood,
Of the old familiar hearth,
Of the School-house, Church and Grave-yard,
All the dearest spots of earth.

Still the bells of Sabbath morning
Clearly ring a cheerful peal,
Telling still as true and sweetly,
“Heaven can every sorrow heal.”

Still the Sabbath bells are ringing,
Pointing to the “House of Prayer,”
While the calls of love and mercy
Bid us seek an entrance there.

From the humble, lowly dwelling,
From the homes of wealth and pride,
Forth they come with mingled footsteps,
And they worship side by side.

Free from earth-born care and sorrow,
Here the soul is lulled to rest,
While a calm and holy sunshine
Settles down in every breast.

These are precious, golden moments,
To the weary, way-worn given,
While they catch the songs of angels,
While they dream of rest in Heaven.

Sabbath Bells ! cease not your chiming
Till your tones are heard afar,
Till the heathen, now in darkness,
Hail the bright, the "Morning Star."

Let your sweet and joyful music
Swell the theme—a Saviour's love—
Till all nations join in worship,
A triumphant Church above.

Lines on the Death of Mrs. P.

A REQUEST.

THOU art gone from our circle, dear mother
Thy place in the home and the heart
Can never be filled by another ;
Ah ! sad is the thought—we must part.

Round the fire-side, so silent and lonely,
We miss thee—our truest, best friend ;
But the wealth of affection can only
More deeply the stricken heart rend.

Yet oft, in the silence of even,
We fancy thy voice we can hear
In a message of love—yes, 'tis giv'n
The grief-stricken mourner to cheer.

Fond mother—thy name will we cherish—
A star that is radiant and true,
Till life and its day-dreams shall perish—
Till we sigh our last fond adieu.

We will trust, with the pure and the holy,
Thou wilt join the angelic strain ;
Thy sky all undimmed by earth's shadows,
Our loss be thine infinite gain,

The Crystal Engine.

A PRIZE POEM.

MYSTERIOUS structure of mechanic art,
That of invention's wonders forms a part ;
The noble, giant powers of the mind
Are lavished here, perfected and refined.

A beautiful display of human skill,
Type of man's strength, his genius and his will ;
The power of intellect, with steam combined,
Has caused the world to wonder—blest mankind.

And here, a Crystal Engine greets the eye,
With all the hues reflected from the sky ;
And while in mute astonishment we gaze,
In harmony a bubbling Fountain plays.

Though perfect each, like starry gems they seem,
So brilliant, pure, or do we only dream
Of fairy lands, of lovely birds and flowers
That sing and bloom amid the crystal bowers ?

But here the mighty Engine's power we test ;
The fire, steam, boiler, crystal and the rest,
That form one perfect whole of strength and skill,
Are seen and felt, subservient to man's will.

The wealth of intellect, his power and pride,
Diffusing light and knowledge far and wide,
Points "upward, onward" till the lightnings' gleam
Bows acquiescent to "the age of steam."

—:O:—

Good-night, Mamma.

"GOOD-NIGHT, mamma," those simple words,
To any save a mother's ear,
May have no music in their tone,
No meaning, treasured, dear.

And yet they thrill the mother's heart—
That purest fount of earthly love
Unmingled with earth's sordid hopes,
'Tis sure allied to that above.

"Good-night, mamma," those accents sweet
Call angel-watches through night's shade ;
Ah, ne'er again may that young heart
Confide and never be betrayed.

"Good-night, mamma," 'tis softly said,
And then the little eyelids close ;
Upon its pillow rests the head
In childhood's deep and sweet repose.

The gentle breathing, soft and low,
How like the fragrant zephyr's sigh ;
The smile, the bloom upon the cheek,
All, all seem borrowed from the sky.

Above the head a tiny hand
Lies heedless of its cherished toys,
Now scattered and neglected strewn,
Significant of life's brief joys.

Oh ! peaceful rest—Oh ! happy hour
In childhood's fair and sunny day ;
To blight thy hopes—earth has no power—
No charm to steal thy bliss away !

Deep in the fond maternal heart
That dulcet voice—that sweet good-night,
Is murmur'ring like some spirit-harp
Whose notes are borne from realms of light.

Good-night, dear little trusting one,
A mother's fond good-night to thee,
With this warm prayer—that Heaven may grant
Each good, and from each evil free.

And when the last good-night is said,
May angels greet thy happy morn,
To crown with living wreaths thy head—
With robes of beauty to adorn.

Lines inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. P., of Brier
Hill.

THERE'S grief in the little circle—
A blank in the household band,
For the dove so fondly cherished
Has flown to the spirit land.

From their bright home the angels
Beheld the beauteous flower,
And came to bear it gently
Away to a fadeless bower.

With joy they heard the message
That called the dove to rest,
Ere earth-born cares and sorrows
Had pierced its tender breast.

Their sweet and winning music
Soon charmed the artless child ;
He heard their light wings flutter,
And eagerly he smiled.

Then away on shining pinions,
In robes of purest white,
The angels bore to heaven
The infant cherub bright.

Though stricken ones are weeping
The fall of the early flower,
With hopes that twined so fondly
Around affection's bower—

The Hand that gave such beauty,
And lent the spirit's ray,
Formed them to bloom for ever,
Though earth shall pass away ;

Then waking from death's slumber
With crowns and harps of gold,
Will shine the infant number,
Within the Saviour's fold.

—:O:—

Little Freddie.

[An occurrence when the little "Wide-Awakes" were marching, before the Election of President Lincoln.]

"I AM tired, sleepy, mother,
Take me, take me on your lap—
Put away my cloak and banner—
And my pretty soldier's cap.

"When I talked with little Bennie,
What it was that shook me so,
Oh, I cannot tell you, mother,
But I hadn't strength to go.

"When they said 'Hurra for LINCOLN,'
Something filled my throat like chaff,
But I tried to speak the louder—
Abe 'll make the darkies laugh.

“ Charlie Bennett saw me shaking ;
First he wondered, then he said,
‘ Are you cold ? what ails you, Freddie ?
Do go home and go to bed.’

“ And I came to you, dear mother,
So that Freddie’s head could rest : ”
And the mother pressed him fondly
To her gentle, loving breast.

But his pulses wildly beating
And his throbbing, burning brow
Tell a tale of fearful meaning—
Who shall stay Death’s angel now ?

“ Mother, how my head is aching ;
Is there anybody near ? ”
Then he nestled closer to her,
Shrinking with some sudden fear.

But the mother’s gentle soothing
Calmed her loved one till he slept,
When a smile, sweet as an angel’s,
O’er her darling’s features crept.

Hours she watched him slumb’ring sweetly,
And a tear would dim her eye,
But she never thought of parting
With her little cherub boy.

For the love that twined around him
Of her being seemed a part—
Oh, how strong the ties that bound him
To that tender mother’s heart !

But he woke and gazed so fondly
In her earnest, anxious eye,
“Where was I,—Oh, mother, tell me,
Was it far up in the sky?

“Did you hear the angels singing?
Oh, how sweet—how sweet—but see,
Now a golden harp they’re bringing,
And they said it was for me.

“And they said they’d come and take me
To their pretty shining home—
Hear them, Mother! don’t you hear them!
Now they whisper, ‘Freddie, come.’”

—:O:—

To Mrs. S. H. Rice.

BY REQUEST.

SILENT and sad as ye bend o’er the tomb,
Where a loved one to earth is consigned;
Weep not as ye think of your child’s early doom,
For the spirit no fetters can bind.
Though oft-times affection may prompt thee to trace
Those features to mem’ry so dear;
But the language unspoken that beamed on that face—
The look and the smile that were there,
Are all gone. No charm can now light up the eye—
No endearing caress may call forth

The bright, sunny smile of innocent joy,
The young heart's childish prattle and mirth.
'Twas the soul that enshrined in the fabric of clay
Shone out in its loveliest light,
To gladden thy heart, to cheer o'er life's way,
Like a star all radiant and bright.
But the spirit has flown—in a happier clime
A wreath doth encircle her brow ;
Beyond all the cares and the sorrows of time,
She is singing with angels now.
Oh ! then, would ye see her, seek that abode
Where no ties of affection are riven,
Where sorrows and heart-aches of earth never cloud
The bliss of the dear ones in Heav'n.

—:O:—

“ Onward.”

[Written for *The Advance*.]

“ ONWARD, still onward,” nor swerve from the right ;
The eagle, still soaring, droops not in his flight,
But plumes his proud wings as he speeds toward the sun,
Bold, fearless, yet true—till the conquest is won.

Ever thus, in the contest of strife with mankind,
New York's noble motto, “ Excelsior,” bind
On thy brow—in thy heart, looking upward the while,
“ A talisman sure is a breast free from guile.”

Trusting, set thy mark high on the circle of time,
Approaching the great, the good, the sublime ;
The nearer the fountain true wisdom's obtained ;
More effulgent the light when the summit is gained.

Though pure be thy motive—like mists on the deep
The shadows of envy may silently creep
Round thy path—yet be just to thyself, to mankind,
True greatness of soul—the wealth of the mind

Co-extensive with light, ever "onward" shall soar
When the rev'rie of life and its day-dreams are o'er ;
Like a halo of glory, shall circle thy head
Where the skies are all fair and earth's shadows have fled.

- Should the waves of adversity angrily sweep
The hopes that have ventured thy bark on the deep,
Keep the pole-star in view as ye drift on the tide—
Stand firm at the helm till the wild waves subside,

Bravely breasting the storm, hast'ning "onward"—at last
Bright skies smile above thee—the tempest is past,
And the sweet silver stars, looking down on the scene,
Gild life's evening calm with a beauty serene.

And when thou art nearing the fair, sinless shore,
And hast heard the last splash of life's weary oar,
Faith points thee still "onward," Hope whispers for thee,
There's a haven of rest—the tired spirit is free.

OGDENSBURGH, *March*, 1861.

“The Fool hath said in his heart, There is no
God.”—PSALMS.

ARE there any who gaze on the beautiful sky—
On the stars that are glowing so silently there,
And planets that move, in their orbits on high,
Through the measureless depths of the still azure air,

And see not the Author, the First Cause, of all
This wondrous Creation, so boundless and vast—
An Omnipotent Pow'r to arrange and control,
While the ages of Time in their courses shall last?

Ah, no ! mortal man must acknowledge thy reign,
Thou great King Eternal—thou Ruler Supreme ;
'Tis Thy will to create, Thy pow'r to ordain,
To direct the sun's ray and the moon's paler beam.

The earth is thy footstool, the heaven thy throne—
Exalted in majesty, power and might ;
Truth, justice and righteousness blend in the zone
That encircles thy palace of glory and light ;

Yet the heaven of heavens can never contain
Th' omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent Lord ;
Thy works do acknowledge thine eternal reign,
Self-existent, immortal, invisible Word.

'Twas thy promise that gave to the rainbow its hue :
The seasons return and the earth yields her store ;
The pure flake of snow, the rain and the dew
Affirm that thy word shall forever endure.

Thou art heard in the storm and the dread thunder's
crash—

Thou art seen in the cloud and the swift lightning's
gleam—

In the depths of old ocean—the wild surges' lash—
And heard in the murmur of each gentle stream.

Thou art seen through all nature abroad the green earth :
In the meadow and woodland, the vale and the hill,
On the snow-crested mountain, in desert and heath,
In the cataract's foam, in the torrent and rill.

Thy wisdom shines forth in the beautiful flower,
Surpassing in loveliness, fragrance and bloom,
Bright emblem of purity, vestige of power,
And type of the beauty that wakes from the tomb.

Nor only through nature inanimate seen,
But seen in the Christian through all his bright way,
In sorrow or joy—on whose arm he may lean,
His guide and his hope, his staff and his stay.

Though enthroned in the heavens, a temple on earth
In the heart of the lowly—the humble, is thine ;
Thus all that is great, good, and lovely hath birth—
Thus flow the pure streams from a fountain divine.

A Child at Prayer.

SWEET Innocent ! may I but linger here
To gaze upon thy youthful brow—thine eye
Upturned to Heaven, while thy full heart pours
Its grateful adoration to that power
Which formed the temple bright and beautiful ?
Fair cherub—dost thou know that any save
The All-Seeing Eye is resting on thee now ?
Oh ! I could gaze upon thee long ; mine eye
Hath ne'er beheld such perfect loveliness,
For 'tis the verdant spring-time of thy year,
The sunny smile, the more than mortal glow
That beams upon thy countenance—the cheek
Of rosy tinge, the snowy placid brow,
The shining curl, the dark eye, lustrous with
A living light that tells of diamonds rare
Within the earthen casket, all are thine—
And scarce seven summers' genial suns have shed
Their influence o'er thy tender head ; thy form
So frail, oh ! it doth seem thou ne'er couldst stem
The waves of life's rough current, dashing high
Their spray, then sinking, flowing smoothly on
But to redouble all their violence
And toss the bark till fierce destruction yawns.
Away, sad thought ! intruder, come not near
To mar this picture with thy boding breath !
This spot is sacred, for the guileless soul,
In holy trust and meek simplicity,
Is holding audience with the Eternal King,
And sues for mercy. Yes, thou well mayst ask,
For He who said "Come unto me," will not

Reject thy suit. Here youth, in all its bloom
And loveliness, is offering up the first
Fresh incense of a soul unstained by sin—
Free off'ring from the well-spring of the heart,
Pure as its source ! Methinks the angel choir
Would pause, suspend their harps, in silence bend
To catch the distant notes of prayer and praise
Borne sweetly upward to the Throne of God !
Entranced I gaze and listen to those sounds
As though 'twere fairy music floating soft
Upon the twilight breeze, that I might catch
Some Heav'nly inspiration from thy lips,
'Twould breathe upon my soul a holy calm
Amid the threat'ning storms and ills of life.
Yes, in that fervent prayer of simple faith
And childish trust, oh ! how I could confide.
No formal, faithless mockery is here,
With outward garment which but ill conceals
The naked soul, by its own selfishness
Empov'rish'd ! No dissembler's eloquence
That winds its silken robes in graceful folds
Around the sad deformity within !
No, this is white-robed innocence ! but see,
The pleader rises and with timid eye
Now meets my gaze. Forgive ! forgive thou wilt,
For 'tis no heedless passer-by, but one
Who'd gladly shield from time's cold, with'ring frosts
Those buddings of th' immortal germ, and guard
The slender stalk, till in the blissful clime
Its blossoms shall unfold and wear the bloom
Of never-fading verdure, basking in
Th' effulgent blaze of glory which surrounds
The Paradise of God.

An Impromptu Tribute to the Memory of
Robert McDowell, Esq.

GONE in a good old age ! Yes, four-score years
Have strewn around thy path their summer flowers
And winter frosts. ' Though time with partial hand
So many years bestowed, 'twas not in vain ;
For, while a life of usefulness hath shed
Its blessings all around, th' immortal germ,
Expanding still, more perfect hath become,
To wear the fadeless bloom of Paradise.
But we will pause and dwell upon the past,
While all thy lengthened path-way tells a part
Well acted on the stage of life—the scene,
Now closed to mortal eye ('tis ever thus),
Stern justice will in scales unerring weigh
The good and ill of all thy varied deeds.
'Tis true, upon life's battle-field no clash
Of arms, no trumpetings of victory,
No glitt'ring sword, worn by a coward's side,
Proclaimed in dazzling pomp thine onward march !
No proud ambition's vain display to shine—
No changing hues, chameleon-like, to sue
For titled honors, mercenary ends,
Have ever stained thine upright soul ; for thou
Didst live above the world's poor vanities,
With noble aim and stern integrity ;
Unmoved didst meet the smiles or frowns of fate,

And view earth's busy scenes of mingled care
 And strife, e'en like the giant oak, that stands
 Sublime and marks the whirlwinds wildly pass,
 Nor stoops to mingle in their clamor rude—
 An emblem of true greatness! With a mind
 Of penetration deep, and soul adorned
 With sterling virtue, wisdom sage, which well
 Might grace a nation's council, thou didst choose
 To tread the humble walks of life, content
 With thy Creator's guardianship.

How like

An aged tree, whose branches wither one
 By one, thou'st seen fond friends, the true, the good,
 The loved depart—and far from home, and in
 A stranger's land, the last sad sigh was heaved—
 The last farewell was whispered—and the last
 Warm prayer was borne on faith's white wings to heaven!
 Though not by strangers' hands were closed thine eyes,
 Thy children's children round thy dying couch
 Their sympathy bestowed in deeds of love!
 Oh, yes!—a slender youthful form was seen
 To glide in silence through the sick man's room—
 A gentle, self-devoted watcher! Lost
 To her were earth's bright scenes, if she might soothe
 The bitter pangs which dry the fount of life,
 Or but beguile the weary hours of her
 Afflicted grand-sire; but she has received
 The good man's parting blessing—meet reward
 For true devotion, generous sympathy.
 But while we bid a sad, a last adieu,
 Thy soul, from earth emancipated, soars
 To meet its Father and its God! while saints,
 The loved, the lost of earth, do welcome thee
 To join their songs of bliss around the Throne!

Thus pass away from earth the great, the good,
 Like setting sun at eve, when not a cloud
 Obscures its glorious rays, and, like those rays,
 Their virtues linger when life's sun has set !

——:O:——

Nebraska.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY ITS PROPOSED ORGANIZATION INTO A
 TERRITORY.

Hath earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free?—CAMPBELL.

HATH soil been marked by Heaven's decree
 To nurse the roots of slavery?
 And this fair region of the West,
 In nature's gorgeous beauty drest,
 Been stamped to wear the oppressor's chain
 To mad ambition's thirst for gain—
 Been given a prey? whose earth—whose sun
 And waters, sparkling as they run—
 Whose air and sky, and rocks and rills,
 And snow-crowned mountains—lofty hills,
 And fertile fields, and forests green,
 And hidden mines, and gems unseen,
 Are free, all free—must tyrants reign?
 The good, the wise, all plead in vain—
 Must cruel, heartless man bear sway,
 And “laws enacted” to obey?
 Shall freedom's sacred banner wave

Where man must live and die a slave?
No—let the flag of Slavery rise
In awful blackness to the skies—
Not for the negro's hue to mourn,
But for the light of freedom flown—
To mark the spot where tyrants reign,
And buy and sell for earthly gain
Their brothers' rights, their brothers' blood—
Nor dread just Heaven's avenging rod!
Hath bounds been set to light and truth?
And their high mission, to go forth—
Chained like the slave? As well the sun
Might in his course refuse to run,
Or ocean's waves forget to roll,
Or earth presume to change her pole,
As tyranny expect to bind,
By law or chains, the Heaven-born mind.
How dear to man the ties of earth—
Dear is the land which gave him birth—
Dear is the patriot's honored grave,
And dear the memory of the brave.
How dear Columbia's peaceful homes,
Her smiling daughters, hopeful sons,
The happy hearth, the festive board,
The blessings of the mind well stored,
The pleasures of a taste refined—
Nor laws to sever nor to bind.
All, all that's dear to man was given
Free—from the indulgent hand of Heaven.
Then give the captive of the earth
The light which gave those blessings birth;
Drive not the Indian from his home,
In farther wastes and wilds to roam,
But send the Gospel's heavenly flame,

His soul to light, his will to tame.
“Is’t death to fall for freedom’s right?
He’s dead alone that lacks her light!”
Rouse! rouse, ye freemen of the North!
Ye sons of toil, of honest worth,—
Stand at your posts—assert your claims—
Let history write your honored names,
Who nobly dare arrest the ban
That would degrade your fellow-man.
Let honest labor be repaid,
And Slavery’s current yet be stayed!
By all that’s sacred, all that’s dear
To freemen’s hearts, who cannot fear,
Save Heaven’s just anger to provoke,
Arise! throw off the galling yoke
Of sin and shame thy brother wears,—
Avert his wrongs, and dry his tears;
And never, while the life-blood runs
Warm in the veins of Freedom’s sons,
Let warning voice, in accents clear,
With words like these fall on the ear—
“Thy brother’s blood,” in wailing sound,
“Doth cry unto me from the ground!”

—:O:—

A Morning in June.

How calm and still the early dawn!
How bright the sunbeams play,
Just breaking forth upon the lawn,
To usher in the day.

How pure and balmy is the the air,
All laden with perfume,
Borne on the light, the gentle breeze,
New clothing earth with bloom !

The birds, enraptured, pour one song
Of ceaseless melody !
No jarring note, no harp unstrung,
In Nature's minstrelsy !

How sweet, how beautiful the flowers
Of summer's gorgeous hue !
Now sparkling in the morning sun
With evening's star-lit dew.

The fields appear in livery green—
The trees with waving plumes—
In Nature's charming equipage
The glad earth smiles and blooms !

There's music in the laughing brook
That gently winds along,
Through meadow green or shady nook,
To sing its pebbled song.

The glorious sky, how brightly blue !
The clouds in beauty sleep,
All folded back from Heaven's arch,
Too tranquil now to weep !

What pure and holy thoughts arise !
What adoration fills
The soul alive to Nature's charms !—
The soul that beauty thrills.

And all is beauty, ev'rywhere,
Around, beneath, above !
And all-rejoicing Nature glows
With gratitude and love !

Then, while all earth responsive sings,
With ev'ry harp in tune,
May I not join the chorus gay
This lovely morn of June ?

——:O:——

The Emigrant.

WRITTEN DURING THE PREVALENCE OF CHOLERA.

ON the banks of St. Lawrence one eve as I stray'd,
To muse on the beauties of sunlight and shade,
The rays of the setting orb shone in the sky,
And all nature was tinged with a beautiful dye.

Ev'ry wave was at rest as the stream roll'd along,
Ev'ry echo was hushed of the birds' merry song ;
The night-hawk was seeking her nest by the shore,—
Not a sound broke the stillness save some distant oar.

As I lingered to gaze on the beautiful scene,
For the earth was now crowned with her garland of green,
I believed that no sorrow had e'er marked the spot,
And happiness here her fair dwelling had sought.

But hark ! on the breeze, as the stream glided by,
Come the pitiful tones of a feeble child's cry ;
For a moment I listened, to learn whence the sound,
And then sought the spot, where the cause was soon found.

There an Emigrant sat on the beach in despair,
Sad, way-worn, and weary with sorrow and care ;
Beside him lay sleeping his fair eldest boy--
On his knee wept his babe, but he made no reply,

Till, roused by the sound of a footstep so near,
He gazed wildly round with an aspect of fear ;
Then imploringly asked if a roof he could find
To shield his poor babes from the chilling night wind.

“ Their mother, poor darlings,” he said, “ she's no more—
She died ere she reached the American shore ;
Then my baby fell sick when missing her care,
And I gave my last penny to settle our fare.”

“ I set out for Kingston, but by my delay
I've only arrived at Matilda to-day ;
May not the poor Emigrant some help obtain
Till fortune may smile on his path-way again ! ”

Oh, could I relieve him, or dry mis'ry's tear,
But I turned in despair, no home had I near ;
To a mansion I pointed where riches were stored,
And seemed to invite to its plentiful board.

His babe to his bosom the Emigrant drew,
The fast-falling tear to conceal from my view ;
While in anguish he answered, “ I came from that door ;
No pity is there for the wretched and poor.”

Then cross this pure stream, I replied ; on yon shore
Hospitality reigns at a more humble door,
Where provision is made for the poor and distressed,
And the blessings of Heaven on the exile may rest.

My heart moved with pity, I turned from the spot
In silence, and slowly my lodgings I sought ;
The beautiful dream in my musing was o'er,
The sorrows and woes of mankind to deplore.

I thought of the changes that make up life's day,
Now the sunshine of joy, when hope beams o'er the way,
Then the darkness of sorrow that clouds the bright morn
For the history of life in divisions is torn.

Thus the Emigrant once, in his own loved retreat,
With dear ones around him life's pleasures were sweet ;
Now an exile he mourns, far from kindred and home,
And doomed in the land of the stranger to roam.

MATILDA, Canada West.

——:O:——

National Hymn.

TUNE—"AMERICA."

GREAT Sovereign of the free,
We bow alone to Thee,
Author divine ;
Who gavest our land its birth,
Its altar and its hearth,
The chosen spot of earth
For Freedom's shrine.

The morn looked up and smiled
Upon her fairest child
 Of promise bright ;
Columbia's name she bore,
And on her head she wore
A diadem of yore—
 Stars set in light.

All nations look to thee,
Thou birth-place of the free,
 With eager gaze ;
O ! may the beacon bright,
That sheds for all its light,
'Through dark oppression's night
 Still burn and blaze.

With institutions great,
Alike for Church and State,
 Or homestead hearth ;
No favorite we know,
Whose royal blood must flow,
But honor, fame, bestow
 On merit, worth.

We hold, with honest pride,
Our "Magna Charta" wide,
 Our blessings free ;
Our glorious flag unfurled,
Waves o'er the Western world,
Its folds the breeze has curled
 On every sea.

But should a lawless band
Invade our cherished land,
 Or rebels rise ;

We'll drain our richest veins
 To guard, while life remains,
 Our flag from treason's stains
 In Freedom's skies.

May peace, like gentle dove,
 Brood o'er the land we love,
 Nor seek to roam ;
 May no rude foe divide
 Our Union, strong and wide,
 Our fathers' God preside
 O'er Freedom's home.

1861.

—:O:—

Be Firm.

BE firm, O ye freemen, be firm in your might,
 Relinquish no part of your God-given right—
 No stronghold of freedom bequeathed by your sires,
 Still burn on their altars its hallowèd fires,
 To light up the path of the fearless and brave,
 The “ Flag of our Union ” our country to save ;
 In the sunlight of justice and wisdom to guide
 The great ship of State o'er the tremulous tide ;
 From the shores of New England, from Plymouth's proud
 rock,

Whose base the rude waves in their storm-fury mock,
 Where the first song of freedom rose full on the breeze,

Re-echoed again through the tall forest trees
 To the wild western prairie, whose wilder flowers vie
 With those of rich culture or beautiful dye ;
 From the North with its sturdy strong-armed sons of toil,
 Its free institutions, its generous soil,
 Tenacious of justice, equality, right,
 With sword in its sheath, yet untarnished and bright ;
 To the fair, sunny South with its chivalric pride
 (May its prowess and valor be ever untried),
 With its blooming plantations in peaceful repose,
 Unstained by death's carnage or war's fearful woes :
 From the North to the South, from the East to the
 West,

In fidelity, love, may all wrongs be redressed,
 And the Union cemented, each willing to share
 Whatever the burden of national care.
 One God and one Country acknowledge, defend,
 May justice with mercy in harmony blend,
 " And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph still wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

March, 1861.

——:O:——

Stand by Your Country.

" Stand ! the ground's your own, my braves—
 Will ye give it up to slaves?
 Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still ? "

AYE, stand by your country, freemen of the North !
 The boon of those heroes of immortal worth,
 Whose names on the record of fame shall descend

Till time with the history of nations shall end.
Ye sons of the patriots—undaunted and true—
Though priceless the boon, 'tis intrusted to you.
Ay, stand by brave LINCOLN, your country to guard—
Her glory, fame, honor—your dearest reward !
From the halls of the nation is heard the war-cry,
“To arms !” and each beating heart deigns the reply,
“To arms !” till its deep thunder-tones rend the air,
“Our country and freedom or death and despair !
The Stars and the Stripes—yea, our pride and renown—
And woe to the traitor who tramples them down !”
Arm, freemen ! at treason to strike the death-blow,
With the veteran warrior, SCOTT, face the foe—
The spirit of liberty, thrilling the North,
Is calling her patriot warriors forth
To meet them—your foes—they are brothers no more !
But traitors, imbruing their hands in your gore !
And staining the banner, the star-spangled sheet,
That proudly waves o'er us, unknown in defeat !
Ye must meet them as rebels who dare to invade
Your country, your glorious future degrade !
Who American liberties seek to o'erthrow,
And the grand MAGNA CHARTA in dust to lay low !
Then gird on your armor, come forth in your might,
And valiantly battle for “God and the right !”
Beneath the proud folds of the banner still yours,
United and strong in the faith that endures !
“The Hand and the Writing are seen on the wall !”
The oppressor is doomed and the traitor must fall !
Then on to the contest ! brave hearts and strong hands !
The first and the foremost our honor demands !
Our country is bleeding ! ay, stabbed to the core !
Her heroes are struggling for freedom once more !
In the cause of humanity, liberty, light,

On ! on to the contest, and " God speed the right !"
Though nobly you sleep in the soldier's rude grave,
Still o'er you in triumph the banner shall wave,
While millions of freemen the anthem will raise,
Our country's redeemed ! to God give the praise !

April, 1861.

—:O:—

Flag Raising.

[Occasioned by the raising of a Flag by the School of the Third Ward in the village of O., being the first Flag raised over a school-building.]

UP ! up with the banner, our pride and our glory ;
Wherever it floats, o'er the land or the sea,
The patriots and heroes of many a story
Have paid a warm welcome and tribute to thee.

The stars are all there and the stripes gayly streaming,
" The Flag of Our Union," the badge of the brave ;
Then rally around it while each star is beaming,
Its folds can ne'er shelter the rebel or slave !

Our country's proud emblem, we hail it with pleasure ;
No banner that floats is so brilliant and true !
'Tis the ensign of freedom, our hearts' dearest treasure,
We'll stand by our colors, " the red, white and blue."

And while they are glowing from each spire and steeple,
Three cheers for our flag, o'er the School-House unfurled !
The nursery of freedom, the wealth of the people,
The strength of the Union, the hope of the world !

When patriot hearts warmly thrill with devotion,
Shall not our young voices swell loudly the strain?
Three cheers for our flag! on the land or the ocean—
"The Army and Navy, three times three again!

Friday, May 17, 1861.

—:O:—

Tribute to Col. Ellsworth.

REST, warrior—rest thee now,
While round thy youthful brow
The laurel twines,
Adorned with jewels bright
As stars that gem the night,
Bathed in the azure light
When day declines.

New York's loved hero falls—
Hears not his country's calls—
The nation weeps!
While Freedom's hallowed bed
Shall claim his honored head,
Brave Ellsworth is not dead,
The martyr sleeps!

While patriots round thy bier
In silence shed the tear
Of grief profound;
The Stars and Stripes, half-mast,
Are fluttering in the blast
At treachery unsurpassed,
On hallowed ground!

'Twas Freedom through the storm
That nerved thy manly form
 To guard her trust,
And on her sacred soil
Foul treason's plans to foil,
The rebel flag to spoil,
 And tread in dust !

A trophy round thy feet,
For Freedom's champion meet !
 While o'er thy grave
The banner reared by thee,
The treasure of the free,
The badge of liberty,
 Is seen to wave.

May Freedom from on high
Each star in her blue sky
 Undimmed restore,
From mad disunion's blight
On our escutcheon bright
The starry folds of light
 Beam evermore.

O God of battles ! save,
Ere Freedom finds a grave,
 We look to thee ;
Let traitors ne'er divide
Our " Union " strong and wide,
In righteousness preside
 O'er millions free !

May, 1861.

National Song.

TUNE—"OUR FLAG IS THERE."

GOD of the free, we bow to thee ;
Thou dost the universe command ;
Columbia's soil, from sea to sea,
Is crowned in beauty 'neath thy hand ;
Next to our God we love the sod
Where Freedom fans her hallowed fires,
Cemented by the patriot's blood,
Rich with the graves of pilgrim sires.

CHORUS—Wide o'er the land let Freedom's band
The nation's anthem loud prolong ;
Let all rejoice, let every voice
Be tuned to catch the thrilling song.

Our country wide, each freeman's pride,
A gem beneath the starry dome
Whose lustre true in Heaven's own blue
A beacon, points to Freedom's home ;
We love the land, we love the laws
Where Freedom rears her altar high,
And in her glorious Heaven-born cause
We'll guard our trust or for it die.

The Stars and Stripes—the nation's types
To publish o'er the land and sea
Columbia's charter—equal rights,
And tell the world her destiny !

From every mountain top and spire,
 From every steeple let them wave,
 Till earth shall glow with Freedom's fire
 And doomed Oppression find a grave.

We love the earth which gave us birth,
 The land once trod by pilgrim feet,
 The nation's halls, the home and hearth
 Where statesmen rise, and true hearts beat ;
 By all that freemen prize and bless,
 By all we keep in mem'ry green,
 We'll guard our flag, not one star less
 Shall on its brilliant folds be seen !

June, 1861.

—:O:—

Our Country.

SHALL we give it up to traitors—
 Land our fathers died to save,
 Homes they rescued by their life-blood,
 From oppression's stormy wave ?

Never ! till the free warm current
 In our veins shall cease to flow :
 By the sacred hopes we cherish,
 Every freeman answers, No !

In the spirit of our fathers,
 With their banner reared on high,
 Trusting in the God of Battles,
 We will conquer or we'll die !

Shades of heroes, hover o'er us ;
Fires that on our altars glow,
Nerve each arm and warm each bosom,
Death to deal with every blow !—

Death to every germ of treason,
Death to every rebel hope,
Death to lawless, mad ambition,
And oppression's blighting scope.

Shall we compromise with traitors—
Basely dally with the foe ;
Yielding thus a tenfold victory,—
Bare our breasts to meet the blow ?

Heaven forbid ! and let us perish,
If we ever recreant prove
To the sacred cause of Freedom,
To the Stars and Stripes we love.

From the farm, the shop, the counter,
From the desk and from the chair,
Rally round our country's altar,
Join ye in the ranks of war.

On ! ye mighty host of freemen ;
Where's the foe that can withstand
Those who battle for their birth-right,
For their God and native land ?

On ! ye patriots, lion-hearted,
Fathers, brothers, true and tried ;
Free the soil from stain of treason,
Let no foe our land divide.

August 29, 1861.

Lines on the Death of Charles Backus.

[The deceased was a resident of Waddington, and was killed at the battle of Ringgold, aged eighteen years.]

FAR away from his kindred the young hero sleeps,
From his home and the friends of life's morning ;
His comrades around him lie buried in heaps ;
Their graves are their country adorning.

In the vigor of youth, ere his manhood's first prime,
Ere life's ills checked his early devotion ;
Ere the heart's purest currents were frozen by time,
Or earth's damps chilled its warmest emotion.

He laid down his life, so unspotted and fair,
A sacrifice true on his country's high altar,
Resolved if he fell he would perish but there
His heart should not sink, his hand should not falter.

With his face to the foe, a brave soldier he fell !
The day will live long in Rebellion's sad story ;
At Ringgold's dread battle ! the cannon his knell,
His cloak and his blanket his pall, wet and gory.

His form, though unshrouded, by comrades was laid
In the soldier's rude grave, while they pause to drop o'er
him

One tear to his memory—one farewell is said,
Then away to the ranks haste the comrades who bore him.

While far from the battle-field, sighing in vain,
 The friends of his childhood are silently weeping,
 But he ne'er shall awaken to "glory again,"
 Life's battle is o'er, he is quietly sleeping.

Adieu ! youthful hero, a silent adieu ;
 Thy name, a bright star in our memory we'll cherish ;
 The patriot soldier, the noble and true,
 Thy country will bless till its glory shall perish.

——:O:——

Men of the Hour.

WHEN ruthless Treason in her might
 Walks madly forth at dead of night,
 To scatter gloom, to scathe and blight—

Then Beauregard's the man, sir,
 To lead the vengeful rebel band,
 To desecrate fair Freedom's land,
 Dissolve the Union by command,
 Upon Jeff. Davis' plan, sir.

What though Oppression's wail is heard,
 The nation's throbbing heart is stirred—
 "To Arms !—To Arms !" the thrilling word.

Still Beauregard's the man, sir,
 To trample Freedom's banner down
 And deeds of death and darkness crown
 With martial glory and renown,
 Upon Jeff. Davis' plan, sir.

When envy, arrogance, and pride,
Are leagued with treason at their side,
And impious, lawless hordes deride—

Then Beauregard's the man, sir,
A ready heart and hand to lend
Their "institutions" to defend,
The glorious Stars and Stripes to rend,
Upon Jeff. Davis' plan, sir.

And those ambitious men agree
Upon the witless, worthless plea
Of making Southern freemen free !

And Beauregard's the man, sir,
Who their mistaken rights must gain,
Though Southern soldiers fall like rain,
And priceless Liberty be slain,
Upon Jeff. Davis' plan, sir.

But loyal hearts in union beat,
And Union men with willing feet
Are marching on, the foe to meet—

And Beauregard's the man, sir,
Whose sudden fall will treason check,
Leave Jeff. with hemp around his neck,
Their Cotton bark a total wreck,
Upon Jeff. Davis' plan, sir.

October, 1861.

——:O:——

Stand by your Colors.

Av, stand by your Colors,
The red, white and blue ;
Preserve them untarnished,
Ye loyal and true.

No flag that is waving
On land or on sea,
Can equal in beauty
The flag of the free.

The spot where it rises—
The richest of earth—
Is sacred to freedom,
To honor and worth ;

And dear to the bosom
As light to the eye,
And brilliant in glory
As stars in the sky.

Though daring rebellion,
With traitorous blow,
Shroud the temple of Freedom
In darkness and woe ;

Stand firm by your colors,
On flag-staff or mast ;
As the vanguard of nations,
Unmoved to the last.

Though the famed "British Lion"
Menace in his lair,
Or, prowling for booty,
Grow bold in despair,

And attempt an excursion
Across the blue deep—
Like the dog in the fable,
Less wise than a sheep ;

Who, seeing his shadow,
Dropped what was his own
To plunder his neighbor,
When, lo ! it was gone.

The cause that is righteous
Inspires the true soul,
“Right is might” with the hero,
Though tyrants control.

Then stand by your colors,
Ye loyal and brave,
And “The Flag of our Union”
In triumph shall wave.

While in flight still unrivalled
Our eagle shall soar
With unfettered pinions,
Till time is no more.

January, 1862.

—:O:—

Is there Hope for the Slave?

How long—oh, how long in vile bondage and gloom
Shall the Slave idly sigh o’er his terrible doom?
Shall the last beam of hope slowly fade from his sky
While in darkness he pines, no release but to die?
Not for him the blue heavens or green earth were made,
The rill’s gentle murmur or vine-tree’s soft shade,

The beautiful flowers that scent the pure air,
The fruits or the harvest enriched by his care ;
He lives for another, no tie is his own !
(Oh ! could the warm heart become frigid as stone ?)
The voices of loved ones, the dearest on earth—
The richest of treasures—the home and the hearth—
Not for him, he's an outcast, with cloud on his brow,
A mark set upon him, his manhood must bow
For the white man to injure, to curse and despise,
His wrongs unredressed, yet insulting the skies !
Ah ! say not Heaven's blessings for him are in vain,
That his heart never yearns, no thought burns his brain,
No throb in his bosom, no light in his eye,
No impulse high, holy, that soars to the sky :
His soul has been stamped by the impress divine,
The diamond yet sparkles though deep in the mine,
And when the great Architect summons his host
To gather his jewels, no gem will be lost.
Throughout the wide universe, glowing and bright,
Truth and freedom are blended in letters of light ;
Through all the green forest, on each tiny leaf,
Through earth's countless treasures—on each golden
 sheaf,
In the dew-drop that sparkles on flower and thorn,
The blossom that yields all its sweets to the morn,
In the notes of the wild bird that merrily sings,
As he soars free from care on his gay gilded wings,
And the low thrilling harp-notes of liberty's song,
Hear ye not in the breeze that comes floating along,
Or sweeping the hill-top, the valley and plain,
As free as the billows that roll o'er the main ?
But see, morn is breaking, the shadows of night
Are melting away in the clear, radiant light
Of the bright sun of freedom, whose beams will erase

The gloom of oppression from earth's saddened face,
And light up a smile on the cheek of despair,
A smile bright and blessed as angels may wear.

February 1, 1862.

—:O:—

Epitaph for Nellie O.

AGED THREE YEARS.

YES, dear gentle Nellie, life's journey is o'er,
A home thou hast gained on the bright sinless shore,
Rejoicing with angels, more beauteous now,
A harp in thy hand, and a crown on thy brow.

—:O:—

Where are They ?

WHERE are the sweet dewy flowers of the morning,
That grew in their beauty along the wayside,
When the first crimson blush of the morn was adorning
All nature in smiles like a beautiful bride ?

Where are the birds which awoke us from slumber
So merrily chirping, so cheerful and gay ?
When Nature in tune seemed to join in the number,
And scatter sweet melody over life's way.

Where is the casket of Hope's golden treasures,
Her castles of splendor, and turrets of fame ?
Life's spring-time of roses, and future of pleasures ;
Its sorrows all vanished or known but in name.

Where are the friends who were ours at our starting,
 And guarded our footsteps for many a day,
 Who blest as they gave us the hand at our parting,
 And wept as they thought of the thorns by the way.

And where is the cottage, the home of our childhood,
 Encircled with wild-vines so lowly and neat,
 The arbor we played in, the flowers, the wildwood?
 The dearest on earth was that quiet retreat.

They are gone, all gone, like a dream as we waken ;
 The flowers have withered, the sweet birds have fled ;
 Gone hope, fame and treasure, the casket lies broken :
 Our idols are scattered or mourned with the dead.

“Such is life :” to-day all its beauty we borrow
 To clothe the bright visions of long future years ;
 Its shadows and gloom mar our pathway to-morrow ;
 No hope, but in heaven, is unmingled with tears.

——:O:——

The Laugh of a Child.

First verse copied from Root & Bradbury's Festival Glee Book.

“ I LOVE it, I love it, the laugh of a child,
 Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild,
 It rings on the air, with its innocent gush,
 Like the trill of a bird, or the twilight's soft hush,
 It floats on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
 Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell.”

CHORUS :—“ Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
 Is the merriest sound in the world to me !”

Repeat chorus.

Second verse added by the Author.

I love it, I love it, the laugh full and clear,
Now gayly resounding, now soft on the ear,
So soothing, so gentle and potent the spell,
Like the fairy notes borne from some bright sunny dell.
That laugh is the sun-beam of youth's happy day,
And its sweet winning tones will all care drive away.

CHORUS :—" Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world to me."

——:O:——

Written for the "Sabbath School Trumpet."

PUBLISHED BY H. S. P.

LET the Trumpet's joyful sound
Swell each heart and tune each voice ;
Its inspiring notes resound,
Calling children to rejoice.

CHORUS :—Sound the Trumpet, sound aloud the Trumpet,
Let its glorious echoes ring ;
Sound the Trumpet, sound aloud the Trumpet,
Christ is Saviour, Priest, and King.

Sweetly on the Sabbath air
Ring its clear inviting tones,
Gathering in for praise and prayer
All the Saviour's countless ones.

CHORUS :—Sound the trumpet, etc.

Gathered at the Trumpet's call,
Sweetly sing the Saviour's name ;
He who gave his life for all,
Blest the children when he came.

CHORUS :—Sound the trumpet, etc.

Praise him for his wondrous care,
And the joyful news impart,
While the Trumpet's tones declare
Music of a grateful heart.

CHORUS :—Sound the trumpet, etc.

——:O:——

Softly She Faded.

SET TO MUSIC BY H. S. P.

SOFTLY she faded, as fades the summer ;
Calmly she whispered,—Soon I'll be free ;
Fair was the morning, early departed,
Brighter my noon-day, Heaven dawns for me !

CHORUS :—So 'twas she faded as fades the summer ;
So 'twas she whispered,—Heaven dawns for me.

Sadly around her, warm tears were falling,
Gently to soothe her, kind friends were near,
Sweetly she murmured,—Cease, cease your weeping ;
Heaven's gate is open,—angels are here.

CHORUS :—So 'twas she faded, as fades the summer ;
So 'twas she whispered,—Angels are here.

Lines for Music.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO H. S. P.

WILT thou come to me, my dearest
Come to greet me as of yore,
When I'm standing on the threshold,
Looking through the open door
That shall close my earthly vision
From the scenes I loved before ?
Come, oh, come to me, my dearest ;
Come to meet me as of yore.

Wilt thou come to me, my dearest,
Since life's brightest hopes are o'er ?
All of future joy or pleasure,
All the fond heart's cherished store,
Like the summer flow'rs, are faded
With the bloom of youth I wore ;
Yet, oh, come to me, my dearest ;
Sing the songs I loved once more.

Wilt thou come to me, my dearest,
Come to meet me on life's shore,
As I'm nearing death's dark river,
While its foam-capped billows roar—
As I step down in its waters,
Ne'er to tread the green earth more ?
Come, oh, come to me, my dearest,
Come to meet me on that shore.

1821-7

Wilt thou come to me, dearest,
 When my heart's last throb is o'er,
 And this form lies cold and silent
 By the river's peaceful shore ;
 When I'm singing with the angels
 Songs I never heard before ?
 Come, then, come to meet me, dearest,
 When thy dream of life is o'er.

——:o:——

The Grave of an Infant.

SLEEP, little babe, sweet be thy rest,
 Though not upon thy mother's breast,
 In peaceful, calm repose ;
 But in the silent grave art laid,
 'To slumber softly with the dead,
 Nor dream of future woes.

No mother's song shall lull to sleep,
 Nor anxious care her vigils keep
 Around thy midnight couch ;
 But whistling winds sigh o'er thy head,
 And stars above thy lonely bed
 Shall keep their nightly watch.

Sweet one, thy mother oft will sigh
 And, pensive, turn her wandering eye,
 As if to find thee near
 The silent tear-drop sadly tells
 Thine image in her bosom dwells—
 A fairy form still dear.

Time's changing tide can ne'er erase
The features of thy fair young face,
The smile of truth and love,
"The seal of innocence had set
Upon thy brow," it lingers yet,
A type of bliss above.

And though thy day was fair and bright,
No grief could mar, no sin could blight,
And true a mother's love ;
Thou'rt gone to seek a brighter shore,
Where pain and death are felt no more—
A home of bliss above.

Sweet babe, a happy change is thine,
For who, like thee, would not resign
This life, with all its care,
If pure and spotless thus to rise,
And join the blest beyond the skies,
To dwell forever there ?

—:O:—

The Skater's Song.

A PARODY.

O SWIFT we skate at a jolly rate,
When moonbeams sparkle round,
When skates keep time to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
Our cares we give the wind ;
O'er the clear smooth ice we glide so nice,
And leave the shore behind.

With laugh and shout we skate about
Upon the river's breast ;
Friends by our side, we gayly glide
Over its sparkling crest.

The skates for me have joy and glee,
When gale and storm are o'er ;
Give me the speed that takes the lead
And dashes from the shore.

Then swift we glide o'er the ice-bound tide,
When hope is on the wing ;
With moonbeams bright and hearts so light,
The skater's song we'll sing.

——:O:——

Song.

I'm standing by the sea, Willie,
The deep, blue, solemn sea,
Where just one year ago, Willie,
It sang to you and me.

Although the sea is calm, Willie,
Its waves go moaning by,
As though they shared my grief, Willie,
And answered every sigh.

And now I weep alone, Willie,
Or linger by the sea,
To catch some distant sail, Willie,
Some bark of hope for thee.

I listen then again, Willie,
And hear the billows roar,
But, oh, they sound to me, Willie,
Like dirges on life's shore.

Perhaps, far o'er the sea, Willie,
Or down in ocean's cave,
The heart e'er true to me, Willie,
Lies silent in its grave.

And shouldst thou ne'er return, Willie,
To bless thy home and me,
I'll come thy fate to mourn, Willie,
And wander by the sea.

—:O:—

An Address to the Philomathean Society of P.

AT ITS REASSEMBLING AFTER THE WAR.

Read by E. G. C., February, 1865.

IN life's changing drama, again on its stage,
We greet the companions of years that are flown ;
But events which were written on memory's page
Glow on the long record—no fragment is gone.

We meet, but not all ; * some have gone to their rest
From life's battle-field, its turmoil and care,
To the haven of peace, the home of the blest,
Ne'er to greet us on earth, or our friendship to share.

And where are the heroes, undaunted and true,
Who in fancy are with us, whose presence we feel ?
We grasp at the hand ! but they vanish from view,
And the void in our bosom no solace can heal.

Yet our country will bless them—will hallow the grave
Where the patriot soldier in honor may rest ;
Though it takes from our circle the noble and brave—
Though it tears from our heart-strings the truest and best.

Our Country—a subject how solemn, sublime,—
What pen paint her woes—what volume contain ?
Can human thought reckon in all coming time
The sum of her treasures, her life-blood and pain ?

Unhallowed rebellion, thy traitorous hand
Has dared at the Union to aim a death-blow !
'To blot out the stars from the Flag of our land,
And the temple of Freedom attempt to o'erthrow !

Though her story is sad, and the nation still weeps,
And faces familiar may ne'er smile again,
Yet the Ruler of Nations our destiny keeps ;
He shapes not his course in the wisdom of men.

Here again, 'mid the joys and the blessings of life,
We mingle in social reunion to-night,
Our voices and thoughts, far from battle's rude strife,
Each sharing anew ev'ry hope or delight.

* Colonel Marsh, of Potsdam Academy.

May the blessings of Heaven still on us descend,
 Union, freedom and peace, our interests bind ;
 May cordial communion and harmony blend
 In the current of soul and the treasures of mind !

—:O:—

Lines

On the death of John A. Fulton, July 13, 1858, aged thirty-six years.

DEAREST Brother, the first link is broken,
 And severed the family chain,
 The last sad adieu has been spoken,
 And ne'er shall be whispered again.

The ties that so long and so tightly
 In truest affection were bound,
 And wishes and hopes that beamed brightly,
 Are severed or dashed to the ground.

The warm hand of friendship was proffered,
 And feeling hearts beat with thine own,
 All that life could bestow thee was offered,
 No charm could retain—thou art gone !

Though fair was the future before thee,
 And strong in thy manhood's first prime,
 Golden lamps of ambition hung o'er thee,
 Unchilled was thy vigor by time ;

Yet no power could revoke the decision
 Which bade thee to sleep thy last sleep,
 And closed to earth's prospects thy vision,
 And gave her cold bosom to keep.

'Twas sad, as we left thee to slumber
In thy grave by the river so lone,
Ne'er to greet the lost one of our number
Till time with earth's burdens is flown.

Yet just, we relinquish the treasure—
The spirit—to Him who first gave,
Oh yes, we would bow at His pleasure,
Though all our hopes lie in the grave.

Even there we beheld while we bore him,
A type in the "Evergreen" true,
As the "Order of Brothers" bent o'er him
To take their last solemn adieu.

Though no more on the banks of life's river
We'll meet the dear friend of our youth,
Yet again may we meet, ne'er to sever,
Where all is joy, peace, light and truth.

We loved thee, thy mem'ry we'll cherish,
Thy friendship so warm, true and deep,
Thy greeting and smile will ne'er perish,
Till we in earth's bosom shall sleep.

—:o:—

Home of Childhood.

YES, home of childhood! at the sound
Mem'ry's treasures thronging come;
Again the merry laugh and bound
Among the group of childhood's home.

Again a father's smile is bright ;
A mother's love again appears ;
(A love no chill or change can blight),
A star undimmed through mists of years.

A brother's voice again is heard,
That oft in merry carol broke ;
Again a sister's smile, that cheered
With gentler sway if sorrow woke.

Again the voice and song of glee,
When tuneful wild-bird flitted by ;
When watching close the honey-bee,
Or chasing swift the butterfly.

The joyous sports of sunny youth,
The long-loved bower of wild-grape shade,
Where cheerful notes of love and truth
Were sweet by answering echo made.

Again those scenes of light and song,
Around the heart their witchery fling ;
Dear scenes of rapture ! ye shall long
Your early dreams of sweetness bring.

Yes, home of childhood ! in thy name
Dwell fairy visions of the past ;
Youth, love and hope seem still the same,
As when your shelter blest me last.

Oh ! could those scenes of early home
O'er future years forever dwell !
That, should a cloud of darkness come,
Their sunny morn would night dispel !

Victory.

SHOUT Victory—shout Victory !
Let all Columbia's sons rejoice ;
A nation great—a nation free—
Shout with united heart and voice !

Fling ev'ry banner to the breeze—
Loud let the booming cannon roar—
Wake up the isles beyond the seas,
And onward let the " Eagle " soar !

Tell to the world Columbia's free !
" Queen of the boundless sea " she reigns,
More glorious in her victory,
Triumphant over treason's stains !

Rejoice, ye freemen—all rejoice !
Ring out, ye bells, your merry chime—
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice
Be tuned to strike the chord sublime !

Hope of all nations, light of years—
What honors gem thy starry crown !
The dawn of thy new day appears—
Thrice happy day of high renown.

The unclouded sun of liberty
Has risen, to shed for all his beams ;
Columbia's glorious destiny
In ev'ry beauteous banner gleams !

The clouds of war have rolled away !
No battle sound—no bondman's cries !
No rebel host in bold array,
For freedom lives—and treason dies !

O God of nations !—Power divine !—
We bow before thy righteous will ;
The praise, the glory—all are thine,
For thou hast spoken, " Peace, be still."

—:O:—

The Empire of Memory.

How oft, when the cares and the toils of the day
Are hushed in the deep, silent beauty of night,
And the spirit is eagerly soaring away
To some star in the distance, all glowing and bright—

There comes in sweet whispers and shadows, yet true,
The chime of loved voices—the songs of the past ;
And hopes early withered their freshness renew,
And friends smile as fondly as when they smiled last.

Thus the empire of mem'ry, unrivalled, retains
Her walls and her towers of granite and gold,
Where the sunbeams still rest—and their halo remains
To reflect all the past with a lustre untold.

Despair

THE fragrant flowers of beauty rare
Unfolding in the summer air,
The breath of morn, the sparkling dew,
The song of birds, the sky's deep blue,
May charm the weary heart awhile,
Or sorrow's tedious hours beguile ;
But what can soothe the aching brain,
Or charm away the spirit's pain ?
Whose hidden anguish makes its moan
Down in its own deep cell, alone,
And rears an altar to despair,
And bids its slave pay homage there !
The blighted tree may never bloom ;
Or withered flower avert its doom ;
The human heart's a tender shrine,
Its main-spring hope—a lamp divine ;
But when its light has left the sky,
The highest, noblest aim will die.
Such darkness knows no cheering light ;
No star to gem the brow of night,
With genial ray to gild its gloom,
Or cheer life's journey to the tomb ;
E'en memory forgets at last
To wake bright visions of the past,
To cull from fairest, freshest flowers,
To strew the grave of buried hours ;
And life is but a withered thing
Round which no bud of hope may cling,
No leaf, no flower to blossom there,
Beneath the pall of grim despair !

Frances.

OFTTIMES I meet upon my way
A merry little maiden,
With smile as bright as welcome May,
And cheek with blushes laden.

And yet as oft I love to meet
This timid, artless creature ;
For innocence, the charm so sweet,
Beams forth in ev'ry feature.

I love to gaze into those eyes—
So dark and full of meaning,
A world of priceless treasure lies
Within their lustrous screening.

Though many boast a face more fair,
Or form of queenly splendor ;
Adorned with wealth or beauty rare,
Or fame the world may tender ;

More fair to me the purer gem
Of modest worth, some token,
And richer than a diadem
Are words in kindness spoken.

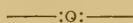
For ever from the heart's deep cell
A fountain fresh is flowing,
And warm emotions, pure and true,
Are on its altar glowing.

Though dull her ear to coarser sounds
Which jar the finest feeling ;
Yet gentle words and music low
Come o'er her senses stealing.

Though all agree to call her " Frank,"
It may be justly given ;
Yet would I choose a name to rank
With Grace or Hope, near heaven.

But should I meet, as oft I'll greet
This maid in youthful gladness ;
The voice I love, the smile so sweet,
Will cheer me though in sadness.

And when from earthly cares awhile
I bend in calm devotion,
I'll ask that Heaven for her may smile,
When safely o'er life's ocean.



Song—Come, Sign the Pledge.

COME, sign the pledge, ye friends of wine,
The temperance pledge, and with us join ;
We'll share with each the social glass,
Let not our proffered friendship pass.

The simple off'ring which we bring,
Is but cold water from the spring ;
Yet clear and sparkling as the dew,
As gentle and refreshing too.

No blighted hopes, no torturing pain ;
No raging thirst, no burning brain,
Pursue the man who'll ever be
From tyrant Alcohol set free.

The vilest bondage he maintains
Who stoops to wear those slavish chains ;
Then sign the pledge, and break his yoke,
Resolve—and aid from Heav'n invoke.

We'll pledge you in the friendly glass,
Your former follies we will pass ;
And welcome each with heart and hand
A brother in our temperance band.

Our social joys alike we share,
To lighten ev'ry brother's care,
In harmless glee the song we sing
Is pure cold water from the spring.

Come, ye who never taste the wine,
The temperance pledge will you not sign ?
To aid a cause so good and great,
Stay not to reason and debate.

Your peaceful home to you is dear,
Then help some friendless home to cheer ;
Come join our ranks, and help to bring
This crystal water from the spring.

To see fair virtue's temple rise
In grace and beauty to the skies ;
A good foundation we must lay,
To stand the storms of life's rough day.

We must secure the corner-stone
By faith and temperance alone ;
And guard each wall from ruin's brink
By putting in a timely chink.

Come ye who seek your brother's weal,
And sign the pledge if ye would heal
The sorrows that from drinking flow,
Example and then precept show.

Then come and join the temperance band,
" And strong in union we will stand,"
And firm in friendship we will sing
Of good old Roger Williams' spring.

— :O: —

Silas Wright.

VOLUNTEER TOAST.

His name, on the page of his country enrolled,
Is as bright as the halo round liberty's altar ;
Unstained by a blemish, his virtues unfold
In his public career, for his mind cannot falter,
But, firm as the oak, he is true to his trust ;
The friend of his country, the wise and the just.

Woman's Rights.

Written 1852. Perhaps appropriate at that time.

WHAT'S woman's right ? Is it to face
A threatening foe in war's embrace,
To wield the sword 'mid cannon's roar,
Win laurels dyed in human gore ?
Can she the ocean's terrors brave,
And guide the vessel o'er the wave,
When shivering winds with angry sweep
Convulse and rock the mighty deep ?
Could timid woman firmly stand
At duty's post, or give command
To battle on in fearful strife
With elements that threaten life ?
Or could ambitious woman scan
The depths of Art, and nicely plan
Those laws that show the chemist's skill,
In changing substances at will ?
Or could she boast mechanic power
To frame the wheel or mould the tower ?
Did she the use of steam suggest ?
The mighty engine's power test ?
Or with an astronomic eye
E'er measure worlds in yonder sky ?
Or make the lightning o'er our head
Run errands in a post-boy's stead ?
Has woman strength for rugged toil
To swing the axe or plough the soil ?
To gather in the precious hoard,
And rival thus creation's lord ?

Should she in Congress hall aspire,
With wit and eloquence to fire
The stately dome ! in long debate
Discuss the needs of every State :
'Tis sure she'd break foul slavery's chain,
No tyrant should usurp her reign !
But could she wisely at the helm,
Preserve the union of the realm ?

These are not woman's rights, no, no !
Her heart would shrink to face the foe,
Fear would unnerve her puny arm
At sight of blood—at war's alarm.
She ne'er could skim the briny deep
When rough old ocean's tempests sweep,
And scatter shroud, and spar, and sail ;
Her hope would sink, her heart would quail.
'Tis true, among the works of Art
And genius she may act her part,
But through invention's wonders who
Among the sex could man outdo ?
Frail woman's form could not endure
Fatigue and labor, to procure
Food from the soil ; her task were done
Ere half her race of life was run.
Nor is it woman's place to shine
In Congress hall ; though wit divine
Flowed from her tongue, her feelings would
(Not sense) control the public good.
'Tis more ennobling to the race
That man should hold the highest place
In council chamber—frame the laws
From which each State its honor draws.
Has woman, then, no right to name ?

No rule—no sov'reignty to claim ?
Yes—every right she may contend
Which nature, wisdom could demand.
Petition is her right—to plead !
In every cause she may succeed
Where reason, justice, hold a claim,
In mercy or in pity's name.
The hill of science she may tread,
By industry, ambition led,
To scatter learning, knowledgewide—
Her country's wisdom is her pride.
'Tis woman's right the pen to wield,
And roam unchecked the world's wide field ;
To unroll the page of freedom bright,
And spread abroad truth's sacred light.
Here genius may in flight sublime
Soar onward with the wing of time,
And cull from fairest, choicest flowers
That ever graced Elysian bowers.
In holy temple now are sung
Strains from woman's genius sprung ;
Its range no limit knows on earth,
For genius had immortal birth.
What influence may woman yield
With wisdom, virtue, truth her shield :
To conquer vice, disarm its lord—
“The pen is mightier than the sword.”
If in fair woman's heart combined
Were all the virtues, well refined,
She'd rule and reign with sov'reign power,
The empire of the world her dower !
'Tis wrong that women should complain,
And for their “Rights” assert their claim,
Unbounded sources for the mind

Are to the sex by Heaven assigned.
For woman's strength there's ample room
In duties that surround her home ;
Home—yes, 'tis there the virtues blend
In wife or mother, daughter, friend.
A dreary cottage may become
A sure retreat, a happy home,
By woman's aid, a place of rest
For weary hearts by care oppressed.
Who could such daring courage show
In sorrow's gloom, in bitter woe ?
She gently, firmly acts her part,
And cheers with hope the sinking heart :
Or if disease, with surest aim,
Has checked the step or bowed the frame,
Whose voice like woman's voice can soothe ?
Whose hand like hers the pillow smooth ?
And yet a higher, holier tie
Is lent to woman from on high :
A mother's pure, unchanging love,
The love no other heart can move.
Is not the charge to her consigned
To form and guide the immortal mind ?
Yes—she has power to sow in youth
The seeds of innocence and truth,
The power to sway the human will,
And all the virtues to instil ;
The intellect to cultivate,
And cherish all that's good and great.
Can woman higher honors claim ?
Can she aspire to loftier fame ?
Nor are these all—to her 'tis given
To train the immortal soul for Heaven !

Friendship.

TO JANE.

Dost thou request one thought of mine, to mark life's
 checkered page,
While passing through its changing scenes—an actor on
 its stage ?
To wake one strain of pleasing song, could I but strike
 the lyre,
The glowing theme of friendship should my wayward pen
 inspire.

In this strong chain that binds the heart are linked the
 dearest ties
That claim our warm emotions, and exert our sympathies ;
Then let us cull from choicest flowers, to twine the unfad-
 ing wreath
Round friendship's altar, and to her our offerings bequeath.

How oft, while sailing over life's sea, upon its billows tost,
The brilliant star of cheering hope oft seems forever lost,
And threatening waves dash wildly round the path-direct-
 ing helm,
And stormy winds that drift the bark, with dangers over-
 whelm.

And thus our lot is marked with change while passing
 through life's vale,
Sometimes the smiles of bliss are ours when pleasure swells
 the gale ;

Again an aching heart we hide, the mournful willow weave,
And tune the harp to plaintive notes, the sigh to memory
heave.

Then O how blest, when fortune smiles, to own a faithful
friend,
Whose joys, whose hopes, whose smiles with ours in unison
may blend ;
But dearer far is friendship's tear in grief's sad lonely hour,
Oh yes, 'tis then her welcome voice soothes with a magic
power !

Yes, let us cherish in the heart pure friendship's sacred
flame,
Among the richest, rarest gifts which erring man may claim ;
The boon cannot be prized too high, if in the gift we trace
The Source from whence our blessings spring—the Hand
that gave them place.

——:O:——

The Light on the Water.

'Twas a calm summer's evening,
All nature was still,
Save the murmur of waters,
Or hum of the mill.

The toil-worn and weary
Were seeking repose ;
Or ranging the dream-land
Which slumber bestows.

The moon had forsaken
Our beautiful sky,
But for others in splendor
Was shining on high.

The evening was lovely
With mild starry light ;
And fragrant the verdure
With dews of the night.

The dark Oswegatchie
Swept softly along ;
Not a wave on its bosom
To drown its low song.

I stood by its border
To watch the star-rays ;
When the Lights * on the water
Attracted my gaze.

From across the deep river
They shone on the stream,
Now glist'ning, now dancing,
With glimmering beam.

A beautiful mirror
Spread out on the deep,
Its lights gently resting,
Like sunbeams asleep.

I gazed on the mirror,
And thought of life's stream ;
Its lights and its shadows,
How varied they seem !

* Gas-lights.

As I thought of the ferry—
 Of life's weary oar—
 Of death's narrow river—
 Of nearing the shore—

The hope in my bosom
 Grew stronger and free—
 That a "Light on the water"
 Was shining for me!

——:O:——

Epitaph for Willie F.

A BUD to bloom upon life's path,
 A precious gem was given;
 And love and hope had twined their wreath
 Around the gift from Heaven.
 But soon death's angel sought the prize,
 Nor feared the bud to sever,
 That it might bloom in Paradise;
 A gem to shine forever!

——:O:——

For S. G.

'Tis hard to resign
 The bud that was given;
 But shall we repine?—
 It blossoms in heaven.

For Hattie F.

THOU'RT gone, loved youth--gone to thy rest,
True, gentle, good, a fair young flower,
Ere sin defiled or care oppressed ;
Thy suff'rings o'er, death lost its power !
We loved thee, we mourn, but bow to the rod,
Knowing thy spirit has gone to its God.

—:O:—

For S.

BY REQUEST.

WE loved and we cherished him,
Fondly and true ;
Around him were clust'ring
Hopes ever new ;
But, alas ! has the vision
Faded and flown,
And now with the angels,
Sings round the throne.

For J. F.

WHATEVER mortals think or feel,
God only knows our future weal ;
And he alone can rest secure,
Whose faith on Christ the Rock is sure.

—:O:—

For L. C.

How blessed to know that the dark lonely tomb
Can hold but the dust of the loved one we cherished ;
Her spirit now triumphs in heaven's own bloom,
Surpassing in beauty the vision that perished.

—:O:—

For M. C.

DARK and lonely in the grave
Lie our fondest hopes for thee ;
But we trust His power to save,
Who has set thy spirit free.

To a Friend's Family.

THINK not I'll forget your kindness and care,
When your faces no more I may view ;
Not till memory has closed its career,
And time shall my powers subdue ;
I ne'er can those pleasures express,
I've enjoyed in your peaceful abode ;
May my gratitude never be less—
Imperfectly though it's displayed !

——:O:——

Music.

MUSIC—sweet music, there's naught can compare
With thy winning tones on the still midnight air ;
When nature, awakened, in beauty is drest,
And the silvery moonbeams on all love to rest.

It falls on the ear as the dew on the flower,
Awaking to life with its own magic power ;
It sheds o'er the spirit a mystical balm,
And the heart's wild emotions grow peaceful and calm.

It stirs up the fountain of memory's streams,
And brings back the freshness of life's early dreams,
As the darkness and gloom of the murkiest day
Disperse with the sunshine and breezes at play.

Thus with life's panorama, its mountains and glades
On the canvas will move, in its lights and its shades ;
So the mists and the shadows that fall on the heart,
At thy bidding, sweet music, take wings and depart.

——:O:——

Tears.

WEEP for the beautiful,
Gone in life's bloom ;
Weep for the loveliest,
Borne to the tomb.

Weep for the patriot,
Noble and brave ;
The strong arm of manhood
Laid in the grave.

Weep for the mother,
Warm tears, 'tis meet ;
Earth has no treasure,
Laid at thy feet,

To equal affection
Living for thee,
That clings like the ivy,
Though bare the tree.

Weep not for the aged,
Gathered to rest
From life's weary burdens,
Home with the blest.

Weep not for the infant—
Beautiful star—
In the crown of the Saviour
Shining afar.

And weep not the Christian,
Resting his oar ;
He's breasted the billows,
Gained the bright shore.

——:O:——

Song of the "Total Abstinence Man."

ONCE more, once more my pulse beats high
With health, with vigor and with life ;
The tempter's arts I now defy,
And scorn the haunts of vice and strife.

Once more my country's weal is mine,
Devoted, firm my stand shall be ;
I'll meet the foe and gladly join
To plant the standard of the free.

Once more I'll breathe the vital air,
And in God's image walk erect ;
No more the bonds of slavery wear,
But firmly all her arts reject.

Once more, to aid my brother man,
I'll pledge my name on yon fair sheet,
Upon the "Total Abstinence plan,"
When friends of peace and virtue meet.

Once more I'll seek my own loved home,
With spirit light from cheerful toil,
I'll court content, nor seek to roam,
And scorn the intoxicating bowl.

Cheered by the partner of my toil,
My aim shall be her lot to bless ;
No frown shall meet her waiting smile,
No revels break her midnight rest.

And, seated by my own fireside,
My prattling babes may climb my knee ;
Their artless sports I will not chide,
Nor e'er reprove their noise and glee.

Ah, what has brought this happy change ?
A friend I read in every face,
Kind words from those who were estranged,
And looks of hope and trust I trace.

But, oh, it is my home that tells
A change that makes my spirit light ;
Domestic happiness now dwells
Where all was veiled in sorrow's night.

——:O:——

To the Winds.

YE come, ye come from a far distant clime,
Your bounding is light as the wing of time ;
Ye have danced on shores of the sunny Nile,
And breathed the fragrance of India's Isle.

Ye come with a voice, as ye sweep along,
'That tells of a land of beauty and song ;
Ye have sipped of sweets 'neath Araby's sky,
And drunk the pure air of mild Italy.

Ye come, and your welcome is known full well
As ye waft the tones of the Sabbath bell ;
And sweetly at eve is your breathing heard,
As ye chant the notes of the summer bird.

Ye come, and a spell of enchantment fling,
As strains of some distant music ye bring ;
Your sighing falls sweetly, as falls on the ear
The voice of the loved, to memory dear.

Ye come to welcome the birthday of Spring,
Mild breezes with freshest odors ye bring ;
Ye come again when the Summer is nigh,
With refreshing balm, 'neath the sultry sky.

Again ye come, and the low rustling sound
Of the autumn leaf, as it nears the ground,
Sings a mournful requiem, yet sweeter far
Than sound of the viol or light guitar.

Full well may ye claim the poet's warm lay,
As ye sing in his bower at close of day,
Or sweep through his lattice where wild vines creep,
Awaking fresh thought from its fountain deep.

Tribute to the Memory of Margaret McDowell.

Died at Waddington, November, 1848, aged twenty-four years.

DEPARTED one, who does not mourn for thee ?
Though time, with restless wing, hath onward sped
Since the sad sound of the last knell was heard,
That told thy faded form was borne away
To rest among the dead ; yet only time
Thy loss can tell. Who would aspire to hymn
Thy worth nor do thee wrong ? We can but mourn ;
Methinks an angel's pen were only meet
To shadow forth the beauties of the soul ;
For virtues such as thine are not among
The common things of earth ; they have their birth
In heaven, to heaven return.
Long will thy memory live, dear to the heart
Of every schoolmate : kindness was thy law
If some sad child, who, by misfortune marked,
Neglected sat in silence or did weep ;
So quick to note, thy sympathy was stirred,
For thou couldst " feel another's woe," and thence
Would softly soothe, or seek to heal the wound ;
And if some truant, reckless of the rules,
Were doomed to punishment, with pity moved,
Wouldst strive to arrest the blow or check its force ;
And often wouldst thou share thy teacher's toils,
Impart instruction to the younger class,
With ceaseless care, unmindful all of self.
The Sabbath-school, where weekly thou wast seen
With cheerful smile—with pious hope and trust—
Thine aim to lead the infant heart to Heaven,

Doth miss thee ; and the sanctuary, where
Thy soul did feed upon the bread of life,
In answering echo, but repeats—She's gone !
Yet more we miss thee in the house of prayer ;
That voice is silent now, so oft we heard
Ascending to thy Heavenly Father's throne
In holy fervor and unshaken faith ;
For thou didst love to worship at His feet—
Who taught thy soul to reverence thy God ;
The meekest of the meek—didst follow close
Thy Saviour's footsteps ; and thy tuneful voice
Was ever wont to sound thy Maker's praise,
Making " rich melody " in tones so sweet,
They linger yet upon the ear ! Thy home,
Oh ! 'tis thy home that tells a loved one gone !
Yes, thou art missed by every household tie !
Ah, who can be unto thine aged sire
Like his devoted child ? Thy mother, too,
Who loved thee with a mother's love, doth mourn
Her last and dearest one ! How had they hoped
That as the vine, that twines itself around
The aged oak, more closely clings when time
Has laid his withering hand upon its bloom
And foliage ; or as the evening dew
That gently falls upon the parchèd leaf
Which by the scorching heat of day had drooped,
And almost shrunk from life, renews again
Its bloom and lengthens its existence ; thus
They hoped thou still hadst been the comfort of
Their age, and cheered their pathway to the tomb !
Ah ! who shall smooth their dying pillow ? Who,
With gentle step and voice subdued, shall seek
To gratify the smallest wish, and feel
With deepest tenderness their every pang ?

And doth that "orphan" meek, intrusted to
Thy guardianship, e'er miss or mourn for thee?
We may not ask; she only lingers here,
And, like the stricken dove, doth daily droop,
•As though life were a burden hard to bear
Without thy fostering love—so like thyself,
So gentle, true and good, she soon will reach
That blest abode where love forever reigns.
How lone, how vacant now that seat around
The fireside altar, where the tones of prayer
And praise were sweetly mingled, making glad
The heart, while thus was grateful incense borne
To heaven's eternal throne.

Oh, not alone

Thy kindred mourn—one general sorrow all,
All doth feel, for who hath known and loved thee not?
Have we not seen thee round the dying bed
Bestowing comfort, through the lone drear night,
A patient, never-tiring watcher? Yes,
For where did not thy footsteps bend if thou
Couldst lighten but one pang, or couldst relieve
The mourner's burden, mercy's angel sent
To soothe the afflicted heart—to point to heaven.
Oh! how unlike the votary of pride
And fashion, whose whole world is pent up in
The narrow sphere that bounds her selfish joys,
Whose mind hath never soared beyond this earth,
Nor sought enduring bliss at God's right hand.
No selfish thought hath ever stirred the fount
From whence the springs of action emanate
Which prompted thee to deeds of love. Faith
Was the star that led, and taught thee how to die!
Oh, victor Death! thy fatal messenger,
Consumption, thou hast sent to bear her hence.

'Tis ever thus that she doth seek the good,
The lovely of the earth, as though to feed
On coarser fare were but a paltry deed !
But be her errand done ; we know 'tis vain
To question thee—enough for us to know
Her Saviour called her, and we should but act
A faithless part to murmur at the call,
For God, who sent the gift, takes but His own ;
His will be done ; we only ask that as
A ministering angel she may hover near,
To cheer, to lead us in the way to heaven.

——:O:——

To the Evening Star.

BEAUTIFUL Star,
A faithful watcher, thou dost take thy place
First in the train of night, as if to guard
With equal grace those millions of bright orbs
That now shine forth in beauteous array,
To roam in majesty the evening sky,
And deck with brilliancy the vault of heaven
Until the moon, in queenlike beauty, spreads
Her silver mantle o'er the vast expanse,
Diffusing light and beauty o'er the earth,
Yet not diminishing thy loveliness,
Bright star—but as a friend and guardian,
She takes her place at last close by thy side,
And thus ye wander on till both are sunk
Behind the summits of the western hills.

How oft the mariner,
When tossed upon the billows rude, doth gaze

With fondest hope on thee, for thus he thinks
That other eyes are gazing, and this bears
Him on to reach his home and those he loves.
The soldier, too, when day's rough battle's o'er,
And peaceful evening reigns sole conqueror ;
With grateful heart for life prolonged, he leaves
His tent to wander forth, and gaze upon
The still calm grandeur of the unclouded sky ;
Yet 'tis to thee he turns with fondest look,
For mem'ry brings the hours back on his thoughts,
When, 'neath thy rays, in converse oft with her
His soul holds dear; the moments swiftly flew ;
Impressed with the resemblance of thy meek,
Unconscious beauty, lingers long, nor heeds
The lateness of the hour, till by the guard
He's warned to take his needful share of rest
And be prepared to meet the coming day.
Nor yet to books or studied arts confined,
'The scholar takes his evening round,
To breathe once more the pure, free air of heaven,
And live awhile with nature, there to dwell
In undisturbed repose, far from the scenes
Of strife and turmoil, from the anxious cares
Which fill and crowd the busy world, till lost
In contemplation, when thy rays—pure star—
So mildly bright, arrest his gaze, and call
Those aspirations forth of fame or bliss
Most treasured in the heart, and which doth feed
With fairy visions of delight when thought
Is free, and animated hope soars high.
'Tis then, sweet star, thy influence fills the heart
With meek devotion and with calm content.
Ah, who could gaze on thy simplicity,
And not be mute ? And when the passions rise

With wild impetuous force, and earth grows dark,
And hope's expiring rays but dimly shine,
'Tis sweet to leave the bleak, cold scenes of earth,
To skim the mountain's top with thee, and roam
In fairer, brighter worlds, more near to heaven.

—:O:—

The United Republic.

THE United Republic in all its broad length,
May we honor and guard it, a watch-word of power,
A beacon, a tower, a bulwark of strength,
To shield and protect when fierce battle-clouds lower.

Be its principles pure as the water that flows
In our own noble river, resistless and free,
Wearing deeper and broader as onward it goes,
Till its waters are mingled in one mighty sea.

So onward advancing, and true in their course,
May wisdom and justice unite to defend,
Till oppression and discord are stayed at their source,
And truth, love and mercy in harmony blend.

Kind Heaven, forbid that the life-blood should flow
Again in the struggle for freedom ; but save
The most precious boon thou hast granted below—
The rights of the free and those rights for the slave.

Long, long be the altar the Pilgrims once reared,
And hallowed to freedom, religion and truth ;
By their offspring be cherished, by freemen revered,
As the glory of age and the guide-star of youth.

Temptation.

FAIR siren, Temptation !
How winning your smile ;
Your words, like sweet music,
How prone to beguile !

The tempter is weaving
A soft silken chain,
And tighter he binds it,
Till thousands are slain.

The arm that is mighty
Can vanquish the foe,
The heavenly spirit
Can shield from each blow.

Then seek ye true wisdom
And strength from above,
Resisting temptation
Through faith in Christ's love.

——:O:——

Light through the Storm.

WHEN the tempest's abroad and the bark's on the sea,
And the billows in wildest commotion
Toss their foam-crested numbers in maniac glee
While paying the storm-king devotion ;

And when the frail bark is ingulfed in the spray,
When the stars in thick darkness are shrouded ;
The heart that is sinking beats wild with dismay,
As the past in the present is crowded !

Ah, who can describe the emotions that rise,
As a light dimly gleams o'er the water ;
Or a star twinkles out from its home in the skies,
Like a signal of peace 'mid war's slaughter?

'Tis thus in life's voyage, when tempests affright,
And the bark with life's sorrows is riven ;
How cheering and welcome is hope's beacon light,
Or faith's star ever beaming in heaven.

—:O:—

My Wild Vine Bower.

OH, sweet is my bower at the closing of day,
When the bustle and din of the village is still ;
When the sun is just shedding his last parting ray,
And tingeing with beauty the sky and the hill.

And sweet is my bower when the evening dew's fall,
To bathe the vine blossoms and sweetbrier near ;
More rich in their fragrance and dearer than all
The perfumes that scent the gay hall of a peer.

When the soft breeze of twilight comes dancing along
Through the festoons of foliage that hang o'er my head,
How lovely the notes of the whippoorwill's song,
As he chants to the eve from his favorite abode.

And sweet is my bower as I linger to gaze
On the stars that are peeping far o'er the blue sky,
Looking down on the earth with their mild, pensive rays,
Still roaming in silence the regions on high.

Yes, dear to this heart is my sweet wild vine bower ;
A child, I first loved in its shadow to dwell ;
Though years have flown by since childhood's bright hour,
My thoughts wander back to the bower loved so well.

—:O:—

Reminiscences.

How oft as o'er life's sea we glide, and on its billows tost,
The star of hope, a beacon true, shines dimly or is lost ;
We turn and turn, no ray appears, for thickening mists
 between
Obscure the beacon, as we glide far down life's starless
 stream.

Then struggling with the threatening waves, the heart, in
 its unrest,
Seeks once again its distant home, as seeks the dove its
 nest,
To nestle there 'mid cherished scenes, meet with the loved
 and true
Of youth's fair, happy morn again, when life was bright
 as new.

Thus memory ever opes her stores of freshest, fairest
flowers,
To cheer the sinking heart, to bide life's waste of weary
hours ;
Till all its toils and wasting cares are met and measured o'er ;
The summit reached, the haven gained, the faithful bark
ashore.

——:O:——

I. L. Voice.

No more shall we list to thy sweet pensive lay,
Nor hear the low notes of thy spirit-harp's song,
In a soft mellow cadence its tones die away ;
One sweet voice is silent—one harp is unstrung.

Were life's hopes and joys or its burdens the theme,
At the shrine of true genius—oh, yes, we would bow ;
But the well-spring of feeling—the heart's gushing stream,
In rich melting pathos is thrilling us now.

Alas ! thou art gone, as a star from our sky,
No more to shed o'er us its mild silver beam ;
Yet brighter by far thou art shining on high,
In the "Beautiful Land" of thy spirit's young dream.

And the low distant music, so sweet to thine ear,
Now across the cold river in full chorus breaks,
The angels, unveiled, now more lovely appear,
And the soul's clouded vision to glory awakes.

Farewell—though no more we may measure thy lay,
As our harp wakes the echoes from memory's store :
One chord shall be thine till its notes die away—
Till life's harp is shattered, and vibrates no more.

—:O:—

The South Wind.

WHEN the warm south winds are blowing
In the twilight's stillness deep ;
And the hum—the ebb and flowing
Of life's tide is hushed to sleep,

Then is heard a low, sweet singing,
And the rustling leaves keep time,
While the varied notes are ringing
With a sad or merry chime.

Sing ye of a land of beauty,
Of its fragrant, lovely bowers,
Of its homes of wealth and splendor,
'Midst the richest fruits and flowers?

Sing ye of the dark-eyed maiden,
In that sunny southern clime ;
Face and form that well might rival
Sculptor's art or poet's rhyme?

Sing ye of the halls of grandeur,
Sparkling wit and flowing wine,
Dazzling with a thousand tapers,
Beauty, fashion, pleasure's shrine.

Sing ye still, O balmy breezes,
Whatsoe'er your song shall be,
Come to cheer with fragrant odors,
Come to clothe the flowery lea.

Come to charm when dull and weary,
Come to cool the fevered brow,
Come to tell of brighter visions
Than the heart is grasping now.

—:O:—

A Mother's Love.

A MOTHER'S love,
What hidden treasures lie in that deep source
Of tenderness ; what tie so sacred, or
What fount so pure. If aught there is on earth
Connected with a holy impulse, 'tis
The fondness of a mother's love. See with
What care and anxious hope she watches o'er
The infant slumberer ; what pleasing thoughts
And wishes rise when first a smile plays on
The ruddy features of her child, when first
The little prattler lisps a parent's name,
And with its pretty playfulness repays
A mother for her care. When childhood's fair
And rosy morn steals o'er the darker hours
Of infancy, with pleasure does she view
Its innocent and guileless mirth, and sees
With pride the promises of genius bright
Or manhood fair. Yes, childhood's morn, that bright
And happiest period in all time,

When shades of care or thoughts of guile ne'er mar
The beauty of its brightness. Yes, in this
Rapturous hour hope lightly sits upon the
Mother's brow, and honest pride lends to her
Features dignity and grace. If time or
Absence change the features—if disease, with
Sunken eye or pallid cheek, has laid her
Grasp upon the once fair blooming face of
Childhood ; or if sorrow write a furrow
On the brow once beaming with delight and
Gladness, then, O then a mother ne'er her
Tenderness withholds, she ne'er forsakes ; nor
Will her watchful eye in needful slumber
Close when lies her offspring stretched upon a
Couch of pain ; unwearied will she sit and
Soothe with tenderest care till life's departed.
Not to a father thus the child may turn
With surest hopes of fond attachment. No,
Man's high ambition, his the nobler and
More lofty current of the soul, that like
A stream, swift-rushing to the sea, flows on,
Nor rests to heed the gentle rivulet.
His country's weal, the path to fame,
Or glory's gilded crown the hero's meed,
Or badge of science ; these man's warmest zeal
Excite, and these more worthy of man's hope
And admiration, leave the gentle task
To guide and rear her loved ones to the fond
And tender mother, thus 'tis willed, for earth
Bears not an emblem of devotedness
Like hers, a well-deep, deep within the heart.

To Margaret P.

LOVED friend, companion of my youth,
Ere morn's first blushes left the sky,
In friendship's chain of love and truth
No broken link in memory.

Fond friend, accept a smile, a tear ;
What other offering may I bring ?
I breathe for thee no wish not pure
As breath of morn or breeze of spring.

Though years have rolled since first we met,
And many a meteor left the sky ;
Though golden suns have risen to set,
And clouds obscured our destiny.

We've met when friends and fortune smiled,
And all was bright and fresh and fair ;
Enchantment's song the hours beguiled,
The future knew no thought of care.

We met in childhood's rosy morn,
Ere fate had linked in friendship's tie ;
And oft we met in life's high noon,
And marked how morn's first blushes fly.

We've met when gayly danced the hours,
And life was filled with music sweet ;
The sunny path seemed strewn with flowers,
That waved their heads to kiss our feet.

Though many a change, since first we met,
Hath strewn life's path with thorns or flowers,
No change has taught us to forget !
No change can blot life's happy hours !

——:O:——

To War.

THOU death-dealing Tyrant—who rulest the hour,
How dreadful thy reign—how despotic thy power ;
Earth's noblest and best on thine altar is laid,
And treasures most dear are the offerings paid !

No wealth of affection can stay thy rude hand,
Thou drinkest the tear as the hot desert sand,
And sunder'st forever the tenderest ties,
Nor heedest the grave where the broken heart lies.

Though kingly thy crown, and with jewels bestud,
Thy robe is deep-stained with the bravest heart's blood ;
Though thy “sabre like lightning is gleaming afar”—
The pall-covered hearse is thy chariot—O War !

——:O:——

Aggie to Sarah.

I HAVE an only sister, and they call her little Sate,
She's all my fondest hope could wish, a gentle, loving mate ;
And when she sings her sweetest songs, I fancy I can hear
An angel's voice join in the strain, so soft, so sweet, and
clear.

Her face to me is beautiful, so innocent, so true,
And when I meet her welcome gaze, her eye of soul-
lit blue

Seems speaking all a sister's love, a sister's hopes and fears,
For one less thoughtful than herself, and younger too in
years.

May Heaven reward this sister mine with blessings large
and free,

Protect her through the voyage of life, till o'er its stormy
sea,

And when at last her loving heart shall beat for me no
more,

Oh, may she join the happy throng on life's eternal shore.

—:O:—

The Twin Sisters.

Two little buds of beauty rare
Were seen at morn, with promise fair
To bloom till evening's dawn ;
Not gentle zephyr's breath more sweet,
When tripping light with fairy feet
The dew-gemmed verdant lawn.

And each in youthful vigor grew,
And bright and beautiful and true,
Their star on earth had shone ;
The gentle form, the timid air,
The loving heart, each true as fair ;
Such sisters they had grown.

But promise fair and vision bright,
 Now clothed in sable hues of night,
 Are veiled from mortal eyes,
 Those buds that in such beauty grew,
 And won all hearts, the fond and true,
 In strong and lasting ties.

Ah ! sympathy—how cold thou art !
 Thou canst not heal the wounded heart ;
 No tear which thou mayst shed
 Can wash the heart's deep grief away,
 Or lengthen out life's transient day,
 When all of hope has fled.

One thought alone the heart can cheer,
 In bitter grief, and darkness drear ;
 A promise sure is given—
 That "those who early seek shall find ;"
 That "whatsoe'er on earth ye bind,
 Shall also be in heaven."

——:O:——

Reflections at a Grave.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found,
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground."

MONTGOMERY.

I SILENTLY stood by the newly made grave
 Of one who, in life, I had valued full dear ;
 Life's voyage was ended—the last breaking wave,
 With its murmur, forever had died on her ear !

By memory aided, I traced back the years
To her fair youthful morning, when happy and gay,
Unclouded with cares, and undimmed with the tears
So oft interspersed on mortality's way.

But however brightly life's sun may arise,
Like a mist that is seen round the mountain to hang,
The clouds of affliction may cover the skies,
And adversity's rain-drops yield many a pang !

True faith was the fountain, the well-spring of hope,
Which shed on her pathway its heavenly ray ;
That hope was the sunbeam that girded her up,
And brightened her vision as life ebbed away !

Now sweetly she slumbers beneath the green earth,
The wife and the mother, unchanging and true ;
Stilled forever the heart which gave sympathy birth,
And hushed the loved voice with its melody too.

But oh, the rich boon that is hers may I crave,
When life with its trials and sorrows is o'er,
When this grief-stricken heart shall be laid in the grave,
And the cold, bitter world rend in anguish no more.

Ah ! then may some friend shed a tear o'er my dust ;
'Tis a fond wish to cherish, if cherish I may,
But the boon—that I ask, is an undying trust,
That triumphs through faith over death and decay.

To Mrs. S.

“The rose may bloom to fade,
The violet weep and die,
But flowers of heavenly birth
Shall bloom again on high.”

THE spring's first smile is scarcely shed,
And summer's graceful blossoms spread,
Ere autumn's winds come sweeping by,
And plant and blossom droop and die.
The scented rose's boasted hue,
The modest violet's deeper blue,
The snowy lily's gentle head,
Must sink in silence with the dead.
The morning sun may brightly rise,
And, robed in splendor, mount the skies,
But ere 'tis noon his beams are fled,
And darkest clouds the skies o'erspread.
Thus with the bright and rosy child,
Ere life's young dawn has scarcely smiled,
The bud, just opening into light,
Fades with'ring into death's dark night ;
No sin, no sorrow clouds its life,
No anxious cares, or vexing strife,
Pure as the crystal dewdrop's birth,
Too lovely far to dwell on earth ;
Free from the thralls of earth will rise,
By angels wafted to the skies,
Where spirits shine with brighter ray,
In realms of bliss through endless day.

To Sarah.

Dost thou request one thought of mine,
Which thou canst keep as mem'ry's token,
Ah, Sister—could I trace a line,
Fit pledge of friendship ne'er unbroken ;

Thy wish should be my choicest theme,
For should I be by friends forgotten,
Or only as a passing dream
That vanishes ere we awaken ;

Yet I would live within thy mind
The evergreen—the oak must cherish ;
Forever in thy heart enshrined,
A cord that twines till all shall perish !

Oh, sister, long, long years have flown
Since first we lisped a prayer together ;
And hopes we cherished fondly, gone
Like tracks on snow in wintry weather.

Yes, many changes we have known—
A path of mingled joy and sadness,
Been strew'd alike with flower and thorn,
Pursued in grief, and then in gladness.

But oh, there are in memory's store
Some treasured, bright, and happy hours !
That still we love to linger o'er,
As childhood loves its trees and flowers.

Dear sister, there are many ties
That bind us yet, with cords unbroken,
And will, till sleeping side by side,
Our last fond wish and word been spoken.

And when we lay our burdens down,
And yield this life back to its Giver,
May Heaven's own joys our spirits crown,
Beyond the mists of death's cold river.

—:O:—

To Rev. L. A. W.

COLUMBIA's grateful praise is due
To honor'd sires who freedom won,
And yearly will her sons renew
The glorious theme of Washington.

Ah, yes, her heroes' names shall dwell
In freemen's hearts—a treasured scroll ;
And millions yet the song shall swell
To sound their fame from pole to pole !

Do not all lands in one engage
To eulogize the hero's name ?
And patriot, statesman, friend, and sage,
Are treasured on the list of fame.

And shall no thankful burst of song—
No tear of gratitude be given—
To mark the memory of him
Who points the soul from earth to Heav'n ?

Ah, what are titles, wealth or fame?—
 They live awhile t' allure us here,
 The baseless fabric of a name—
 A moment's flash, to disappear !

But Heav'n's own joys are ever sure,
 And love divine the glorious song ;
 Immortal strains forever pure,
 To the Redeemer's name belong.

Accept, O Lord, this prayer of mine—
 That those who teach thy sacred way
 In Heav'n's eternal courts may shine
 More glorious unto perfect day !

—:O:—

Thoughts on Childhood.

How fondly mem'ry lingers o'er
 The visions of its earliest dream,
 When childhood's morn, with fairy pow'r,
 Dawns in its first and fairest beam.

'Tis sweet to view the cherub smile
 That dances on the cheek of youth ;
 No cloud of grief, or thought of guile,
 Can shade that brow of love and truth.

The purest, happiest hour of life,
 So gently gliding like a stream
 That murmurs on—no care, no strife,
 To mar the bliss of life's young dream.

Sweet hour—thou'rt like the breath of morn,
As bright, as pure, with promise true,
As when she sheds on flower and thorn
Her fragrant breath of sparkling dew.

Like spring's first bloom in beauty spread,
When breezes waft their perfume sweet ;
Like morn's first dawn with tinge of red,
When golden suns the morning greet.

But, ah ! time's wintry wind will shake
The wreath of roses from youth's brow ;
Its sunny morn her smiles forsake,
And cares the buoyant spirit bow.

And youth, with all its visions bright,
And beautiful for future years,
Will vanish, like morn's golden light,
In mists and clouds that melt in tears.

Yet oft will faithful mem'ry trace
The vanished scenes she loves so well ;
Again on each familiar face
Of youth and beauty fondly dwell.

And oft in manhood's toil-worn years,
Though joys are flown, and hopes are dead ;
She, like a rainbow, smiles through tears,
Though darkest clouds the skies o'erspread.

Parody on "Kingdom Comin'."

Written at the time of the last election of President Lincoln.

SAY, darkies, hab you seen McClellan,
 Wid de mufstash on his face,
 Go 'long de road some time dis mornin',
 Like he guine to find a place ?
 He saw de smoke way up de riber
 Where de Union ballot-box lay,
 He took his hat, an' he's left bery sudden,
 An' I specks he's run away.

CHORUS—McClellan, run, ha ! ha !
 An' Linkum stay, ho ! ho !
 It must be now dat de kingdom comin',
 An' de year of jubilo !

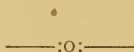
He's five feet one way, two feet toder,
 An' he weigh one hundred pounds ;
 His coat was cut by Vallandigham,
 For to turn it any side round !
 He drill so much dey call him gen'ral,
 But he neber fire de gun ;
 De fife and drum was to fool dem Yankees,
 When to Richmond dey was come.

CHORUS—McClellan, run, ha ! ha ! etc.

De darkies feel so lonesome libin'
 In de slave pen on de lawn ;
 Dey'll move deir boots to Linkum's quarters,
 For to stay when little Mac's gone.

Dere's wine and cider in de cellar,
 But de darkies dey had none ;
 And now dey belong to Massa Linkum,
 Don't you hear ?—" Who fire dat gun !"
 CHORUS—McClellan, run, ha ! ha ! etc.

Oh, little Mac's friends dey make us trouble,
 An' dey drive us round a spell,
 But de " Union vote " 'll send 'em up salt ribber,
 ' Wid deir " platform " in a shell !
 De whip is lost, de hand-cuff broken,
 But de traitors will have deir pay,
 Dey're old enough, big enough, ought to known better
 Den to trown demselves away.
 CHORUS—McClellan, run, ha ! ha ! etc.



Will You go to the Fair?

WILL you go to the Fair ? 'tis a palace for fun,
 And all sorts of frolic, it can't be outdone ;
 You need not mind scruples of conscience to go,
 For all will be there,—“ Upper ten ” on tip-toe.

Now, gentlemen, go, some intelligence use,
 They are ladies who ask you, how can you refuse ?
 And should some old maid make a rap by the means,
 'Tis sure one maid less will be sighing her teens.

Come, goodly professors, your banners unfurled,
 With “ Union ” inscribed, not “ Come out from the world ! ”
 Compromising with Satan ? No, he's in the lurch,
 How ever could Satan get into the Church ?

Should conscience condemn you, no cause to confess,
The clergy go there in their orthodox dress ;
(How time-honored Luther and Wesley would stare
At our latter-day clergy attending a fair !)

Now shuffle your cards with the skill that must win,
For "honors are easy" whene'er you begin ;
A "grab in the bag" is no gambling, you know.
Oh, not in the least, it is orthodox too !

The object's benevolent, all will exclaim,
From the ten down to cipher, that's only a name ;
Besides you'll be *tolled*—by the *Bell* in the steeple,
You have a high standing among the good people.

'Twill raise you, indeed, from your own humble place,
And give you importance, a finishing grace ;
All rusty apparel will soon disappear,
With "good evening, walk in, and accept of our cheer."

"We'll be merry to-night, like brothers we greet
All the poor, lame, and blind we happen to meet ;
We'll play the agreeable, wear a bright face ;
(Business matters to-morrow may alter the case.)"

If you have neither money nor ticket to go,
Never mind the dilemma, you cannot say no.
We raffle for prizes, and get all we can,
For raffling, you know, at a fair is the plan.

Now all of you hurry and bustle and race,
The supper and all will be served with a grace ;
Come, Tom, Dick, and Harry, Kate, Dolly, and Nell ;
For scenes will commence with the ring of the *Bell*.

An Acrostic.

BORNE on faith's eagle pinions, and soaring above
 Earth's treasures and pleasures, unworthy thy love ;
 Not all its bright visions can lure thee away ;
 Joys eternal thou seekest, unknown to decay :
 A promise is thine, when life's dark billows roll,
 " My grace is sufficient " to bear up the soul :
 " I am with you alway," the dear Saviour hath said ;
 " No evil shall harm while my pathway ye tread."
 Should gloom and thick darkness thy spirit oppress,
 While bearing the message of mercy and peace,
 Rest secure, for the " Watchmen of Zion " shall win ;
 In Christ's armor clad for the conflict with sin,
 Grace and glory shall crown when the battle is o'er ;
 Hope and faith's perfect vision shall reach the bright shore,
 The soul's blissful rest, with its joys evermore.

——:O:——

Ode to the Morn.

THE king of day, with golden crown, in splendor quits the
 west,
 And day, with all her toils and cares, has sunk at last to
 rest ;
 The weary laborer homeward bends to seek a sweet
 repose,
 To drown his busy toils in sleep, nor dream of future woes.

Now falling dews a fragrance send from every plant and
flower,
All nature breathes with incense sweet, and from yon ivied
bower
The nightingale's soft notes are heard, to distant lover
dear ;
And through the trees is heard the sound of streamlet
winding near.

What now avail fair Nature's charms, when darkness
spreads around,
And philomel's sweet notes are tuned in melancholy
sound ?
When silent night, with sable veil, obscures the beauteous
rose,
And solemn gloom, with magic power, her fearful curtain
throws ?

But see ! advancing in the east, with majesty and light,
Ascending on her throne of blue, yon peerless queen of
night !
And starry gems of purest ray on heaven's high arch are
set,
With gorgeous pomp to deck around her brilliant coronet !

What princely form or kingly crown can with the sight
compare ?
Not all earth's shining gems of gold or wealth of diamonds
rare ;
Earth has no stores to vie with thee, thou fairest, loveliest
moon—
Amongst the gifts of nature thou art far the brightest boon.

But wherefore shines this beauteous orb, when night hath
closed all eyes,
And when in needful slumber, too, all weary nature lies?
Though countless millions seek the couch, nor see thee
but in dreams,
Steadfast and true thine onward course, and bright for all
thy beams.

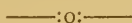
Is it to guide the pious soul, by meditation led,
Inspired with holy worshippings, with free-born truth to
tread,
To trace those numberless bright orbs and read their grand
design,
And with the works of nature praise the eternal Power
divine?

Or dost thou shine to guide the sage to roam the bound-
less sky,
And with fair science to uplift the astronomic eye;
To scan the planets, measure space, and trace the comet's
path—
Communion hold with distant worlds, though bound by
ties to earth?

Or is thy gentle influence sent earth's lonely ones to cheer,
When partial sleep denies her aid and yields to musing
care;
When, wearied with the heartless world, on life's rough
ocean tossed,
And sadly wrecked by sorrow's wave, the star of hope is
lost?

Yes, then, fair moon, 'tis sweet to gaze from some seques-
tered scene,
When all is peace and quietness, no cloud to intervene ;
On thy pale beauty gently then thy sympathy dost soothe,
Obscuring half the ills of life and making rough paths
smooth.

Whate'er thy mission, lovely moon, we fondly look to thee
As being true, bright, radiant, and roaming pure and free ;
Though brilliant stars are round thee set, no beauty equals
thine,
Thy rays, for ages yet to come, shall glow undimmed by
time.



The New Year.

NEW YEAR—though a stranger, we greet thee
With welcome, our warmest and best ;
Bright faces are smiling to meet thee ;
Brave hearts looking forward for rest.

Bright New Year, we hail thee with gladness ;
Say, what shall our offering be ?
Shall we bring forth a record of sadness,
Or hope's fairest wreath twine for thee ?

Each year hath its summer and winter ;
Its flowers, that blossom and die ;
Its hopes, that soothe sweetly the spirit,
Then flit as the rays from the sky.

The weary and sad heart is turning
To thee, like a dove to its nest,
And the soul with its light dimly burning,
Like sunbeams that fade in the west,

Believes that thy power of healing
Tired nature again shall restore ;
And treasures that hope is revealing,
Are numbered in dreams of the poor.

Yes, New Year, we joyfully hail thee ;
The present is all we may claim ;
Yet veiled from each eye is the future :
The past exists only in name.

Whatever the burden of sorrow
Or sunshine the future may bring ;
No cankering care for to-morrow
Shall wither the hopes of thy spring.

If time in our path scatters flowers,
Or bears our best treasures away,
We'll welcome the day that is ours,
Blessing Heaven for life while we may.

Thus cheerful, New Year, is our greeting,
Our welcome the warmest and best ;
Life's changes our hearts bravely meeting,
Till years bear us gently to rest.

Farewell to Summer.

BRIGHT Summer, we bid thee a ling'ring farewell,
We love in thy warm, sunny bowers to dwell ;
We love the green earth, and the shade of the vine,
Still seen round the arbor and cottage to twine.

We love, yes, we love thee, and sadly we part,
With thy verdure and bloom, ever soothing the heart
In low gentle whisp'rings of wisdom and love,
Of beauty and bloom in the sunlight above.

We love the fresh flowers, their perfume so sweet ;
The green mossy carpet that presses our feet ;
The fragrant sweet-brier, when bathed in the dew,
Bright, sparkling, and pure, as when Nature was new.

The beautiful birds, with their heart-cheering songs,
That roam through the sky undisturbed by earth's wrongs,
The murmuring brook all unfettered and free,
Winding softly along, or with frolic and glee.

The warm balmy air, and the soft twilight breeze,
The verdure and shade of the tall forest trees,
The valley, the meadow, the nook, and the dell,
The river and landscape, all, all we love well.

Yet the beauties of Summer we ne'er can unfold,
Or paint its sky's shadows in crimson and gold ;
The Summer hath charms ever dear to the heart,
Bright Summer—sweet Summer—how sadly we part !

To Agnes.

SAY, dost thou ask one strain of mine,
Traced on thine Album's glowing page ?
'Twere better this request of thine
Should meet some skilful bard or sage.

Yet gladly would I court the muse,
To strike one note of tuneful song ;
The theme of friendship I would choose,
A boon, life's dearest gifts among.

But partial oft, like Fortune's smiles,
I sue in vain to win her aid ;
Her rambling moods and airy wiles
Have my poetic skill betrayed.

Then, Agnes, though in simple strain,
Thou wilt accept my wish sincere,
For friendship's off'ring will remain
When beauty's flow'rets disappear.

For griefs and joys alike await
Our passage, o'er life's swelling sea ;
May innocence and truth create
Thy joys—this is my wish for thee,

Childhood.—To Sarah S.

How sweet are the visions of Childhood's gay morn ;
Young hope, with mild lustre, beams bright o'er the way ;
The sunshine of innocence smiles to adorn
The merry May hours of youth's happy day.

And sweet is the Spring, when its life-giving breeze
Awakens the forest and skims o'er the plain,
With verdure and bloom clothes the hills and the trees,
Making glad with the song of the wild bird again.

Thus youth, like the spring-time, is lovely and fair,
In simplicity's beautiful garment arrayed ;
Joy beams on the features, unsullied by care,
And thought of the morrow ne'er dims with a shade.

How sweet are the first tender blossoms of spring,
As the beams of the morning unfold them to view ;
Just washed with the dew-drops, a sweetness they fling
On the air, as when nature and beauty were new.

How like those fresh blossoms the morning of youth,
When the cheek is just tinged with the hue of the rose ;
And the breast is adorned with the sunlight of truth,
Like the dew-drop that sweetens the flower where it
glows.

But, Sarah, the beauty of youth must decay,
Like the fairy-formed vision that flits with a dream ;
Youth's prospects and hopes, like the flower, die away,
And its sunny skies glow with a less dazzling beam.

But still may true virtue, enthroned in thy heart,
Like a star, shed its rays to illumine thy way ;
So when the bright morn of thy youth must depart,
Its halo shall brighten the close of thy day.

—:O:—

To Mrs. M. E. H.

I WANDERED to-day to your old " Island Home "
By the noble St. Lawrence, of rivers the pride,
Whose waves wash the pebbles and curl their bright foam
As in years long ago, when we played by its side.

The homestead is changed, though a landmark to me ;
It points to the scenes in my memory so dear,
The sweet joys of childhood, when happy and free ;
That home I have cherished for many a year.

With our sisters how oft we have romped on the green,
Or sat in the shade of the old orchard trees ;
No happier group on the Island was seen,
As we roamed round its borders and caught the fresh
breeze.

We gathered the shells from the sands by the shore,
Or bathed in the stream on a warm sultry day ;
We sought for wild cherries and grapes, a rich store,
Or culled the sweet flowers that grew by the way.

How well I remember your reverend sire,
As he opened the leaves of his favorite Book ;
His great heart would warm as the theme would inspire,
Or pleading for man with emotion he shook.

As well I remember that mother, so true,
With her snowy frilled cap, and an air of command,
O'er the farm-house presiding, its welfare in view,
Dispensing its stores with a bountiful hand.

Thus often the spring-time of life we live o'er :
The old village church with its ancient square tower,
The little stone school-house of classical lore,
Where we sported or studied for many an hour,

Stand before us again in the beautiful past,
With all the bright hopes to our young hearts then dear,
When we knew not our joys were too precious to last,
Or thought the remembrance would cost us a tear.

Still true is our friendship, though years have rolled by,
While some have gone from us away to their rest ;
We talk of our loved ones, and heave a sad sigh,
But vainly we grieve, for we know they are blest.

And thankful for life with its blessings to-day,
Let us hope in the future, nor mourn for the past ;
May the bright star of faith ever beam on our way,
And guide safely over life's billows at last !

That Land.

BY J. L. JOYCE.

The following lines were written a short time before the death of the young Poet, at the age of twenty-two years. By permission they are copied in this volume for the beauty they possess, as well as sincere respect for the gifted Author.

I'M coming, Land ! thy glowing hills seem nearer,
All studded o'er with gems of crystal light,
Each well-known object to my heart is dearer,
Although they've been forever in my sight.
A child I saw thee, Land of angel beauty,
In boyish dreams I chased thy butterflies ;
Yet when I wandered from the path of duty,
A cloud would hide thee from my weeping eyes.

In youth I saw thee, but the distance lengthened—
Thy border burned away beyond the stars,
Yet when I sought thee, then my eye was strengthened ;
Thy light eclipsed life's golden morning bars.
I saw thee, too, when other lights were breaking—
Love, fame, achievement high, in after years,
They were the fires of young ambition, waking
To blaze and burn, grow dim, go out in tears.

Alone, thou wert the only light undarkened,
Of all the lights around life's middle stand ;
To voices wafted from thy shore I hearkened,
And knew indeed thou wert the " Better Land."
In dreamy moods I've heard a mellow ringing
Borne from thy hills across the space of years,
And often low, sweet cadences of singing
Have thrilled my soul and melted me to tears.

I'm coming—life is fading in the distance,
Its bands are breaking, soon I will be free,
Death will not triumph, for there's no resistance,
He only bears me, loved Land, o'er to thee.
Land of the soul and spirit's inward longing !
Land of pure song and every new delight !
My every thought is to thy green fields thronging,
Where flowers bloom and skies are ever bright.

I see no forms upon thy amber bridges,
My eye not perfect, and the way yet long ;
But there are angels on the crystal ridges,
For I have heard the harp-notes of their song.
No gloomy clouds o'erhang thy golden mountains,
No shadows lie around thy " holy hills ;"
No cold to hush the music of thy fountains—
No death to bid the raptured heart be still.

No sigh of pain, no eating tooth of sorrow,
No looking back to loved ones, dear and gone,
No doubts to dim the glory, clad to-morrow,
But Love and Truth eternal, on and on.
Bright Land of God ! of prophet, saint and angel !
My world of pictures painted on the sky,
I'm nearing fast thy ever-shining border,—
One step from earth, and I shall never die.

POTSDAM, *December 25, 1857.*

Mind.

BY A TEACHER.

WHO can solve the mystery, or measure the length and breadth of the immortal mind? While centuries have rolled on in rapid succession, the human intellect has been constantly undergoing an enlarging and expanding process, cultivating and enlightening its powers, and proving in active, vivid delineations, its vast strength and superiority over the material world, without ever arriving at that point where its progression is arrested or its perfection complete.

"And man! the beautiful, the strong, the free,
Heaven's great mystery, whence is he?
Yes, whence is he whose intellect hath trod
The path of wisdom, and hath learned of God?
E'en where the light of wisdom hath not shone,
The human intellect hath reared a throne
Higher than earth; and placed upon that shrine
Such image as it deemed were all divine."

And each period of time has but added its testimony that the mind, the spiritual essence in man's nature, is not only unlimited in its resources, and incomprehensible in its capacities, in a finite view, but is subject to continual improvement in that state of existence which is revealed in man's future destiny.

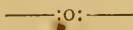
When we look abroad through the vast fields of literature, the various branches of scientific research, the historic page, from the creation down to the present period, the productions of talent, wit, and genius that throng our libraries, and float, as it were, on the wings of every breeze, finding their way not only into the palace of

wealth, but the abode of poverty, and we are led to contemplate the priceless wealth of mind—the countless treasures of thought, deep, high, sublime, produced by the activity of the brain—we exclaim with astonishment and admiration, What a mystery is man! How complex and intricate the study of the human intellect! If we are amazed at the production of the pen, the great embodiment of thought comprehended in the science and literature of our day, we have still greater reason for wonder at the study, the penetration of mind brought to bear in the construction of the vast machinery in successful operation throughout the country, at once useful, necessary and efficient, besides actually appropriating not only the earth with all its properties, its wealth of mineralogy and geology, but the wind, the water and the tide, the electric fluid drawn from its ærial home, all are made obedient to the will of man, and that, too, without opposition, without barrier; the grand result of man's ingenuity and invention, by which the labor and drudgery of the physical system are moderated or prevented.

Again: do we not love to dwell with admiration and respect upon the character of the (so-styled) self-made man,—the lofty ideality of his native genius, the glowing eloquence that hangs upon his lips, the God-like motives that stimulate his soul, the high and holy aspirations tending upward toward their eternal source, those exalted powers of intellect, that gain new strength with every noble effort, the beautiful language of thought towering in sublimity to the very clouds, the manly and firm resolve, the self-sacrificing spirit of endurance, all concentrated and bending toward the one great object of his existence, whether that object originate in the cause of Christianity, philanthropy or patriotism; and while we admire we are carried along with a mighty influence, borne up as it were

on the resistless wings of the sublimity and grandeur of his lofty flight, almost persuaded that he is a creature of inspiration, too pure and bright to bear affinity with the coarser ties of earth, or for a moment be compared with one whose sordid and selfish views have impoverished and degenerated the God-given powers of his intellectual nature ! But the question will naturally arise here, Why the necessity of this comparison ? Why this difference in the faculties and pursuits of man ? In most cases where eminence and distinction have been attained, it is attributable to industry, perseverance, indomitable energy, self-denial ; besides keeping in view some object worthy of man's hopes and aspirations, illustrated by the noble river, which, when there are no undermining causes, no rocks to combat, no angry storms to convulse it, flows quietly and sluggishly along ; but when causes conspire to trouble its waters, and toss in commotion its foam-crested billows, then, not less rapidly, but with greater force and power, overcoming every obstacle which impedes its progress, it speeds on to its destination. Thus with the brave, the good and noble of the earth ; that lofty intellect which is destined to excel, and has taken its place as a brilliant star in the moral firmament, and whose achievements have been written on the fairest page of fame's proud history, has, perhaps, had its dawn among the obscure and humble ; perhaps with few or no advantages, its possessor has struggled patiently with the trying vicissitudes of life, courageously braving the fury of every merciless storm and opposing element, until he has arrived where the sunshine of prosperity has cheered and lighted up his upward and onward path. From the early dawn of infancy the intellect is subject to the law of progression, and continues to expand ; not only as long as it remains in the earthen casket, but after the earthly tie is severed, it is undiminished and

undimmed, a part of infinity itself, which can never be annihilated ! Human thought, as deep as the earth and high as heaven, is permitted to range the ocean's cave, the untrodden mine, and swifter than the lightning's gleam to measure distance o'er the globe, and count the wealth, the stores of earth ; to skim the mountain's cloudy brow, and wander in the leafy dell, by singing brook, or make the stars its home ; to measure space, unfold the mighty mysteries of the planetary world, nor slumbers here, but ever on and on, existing co-extensive with the rays of light and truth, no chain to fetter and no law to bind, no darkness to hide, no power control its onward march. But we may here speak of the discipline of the mind which generally devolves upon the school-teacher, who is responsible, in a great measure, for the culture of that germ which is like a tree that spreads its flourishing branches—a shade to the weary traveller—a beautiful emblem of nourishment and care, and an ornament to the surrounding landscape ; yea, more than this, the teacher has the training of that intellect which is destined yet to stand as a strong pillar in this mighty republic, and to whose wisdom the nation may bow in respect and admiration,—a great result derived from the advantages and blessings of the glorious system of free schools and a free press.



An Incident in Every-Day Life.

“MOTHER, let me assist you in putting the trimming on those dresses, you look so tired, and I am sure I can sew a little,” said Mary Milford, in a soft sweet voice, which was interrupted by quick and difficult breathing that plainly

indicated the ravages of an incurable disease. "Mary," said Mrs. Milford, "I think I can get the work finished before six o'clock, and Mrs. Brimley said if it was sent home by six there would be sufficient time to get ready for the wedding, as the guests were invited precisely at seven, and she wished her daughters to appear in this rose-colored silk, which she thought very becoming for the occasion, and certainly it is," at the same time glancing at the slender frame and flushed cheek of her darling child; "besides, the thought that I shall be able to contribute a little to your comfort, strengthens me to perform the task."—"True, dear mother," said Mary, "but disappointments are so frequent, I think it not best to make any calculations in advance of present means; besides, I feel somehow that no confidence can be placed in any one who is under the influence or in any way connected with the Newcourts." But while Mrs. Milford and Mary are conversing, we will give a few incidents in their history. Mr. Milford was an honest industrious man, possessing a shrewdness in business and strictly temperate habits, by which he acquired wealth easily, but, accompanied by a warm and generous heart, he distributed liberally whenever his benevolence or sympathy prompted; which, perhaps, accounted in some measure for the unfortunate situation of his family after his death. Mary, his only child, had been the object of his tender solicitude and fond affection, and no pains had been spared in her education or accomplishments. A short time before Mr. Milford's death, Charles Welton became the acknowledged suitor of Mary, but that event brought about a change of circumstances which materially affected her future prospects. Though by no means destitute of the ordinary comforts of life, yet it became necessary that Mrs. Milford and her daughter should make some provision which might insure

their future support ; this they foresaw, and their fortitude seemed equal to the task. It was generally acknowledged that Mary excelled in music, and she cheerfully consented to engage as teacher, and accepted the proposal of Mr. Newcourt to instruct his daughters, on condition of receiving her wages at the expiration of a year. During her stay at Mr. Newcourt's, Charles still continued his visits, but in his estimation Mary had fallen from her lofty position. Being dependent upon her own efforts for the means of her subsistence, she must be a stranger to the pleasures of refinement and taste, and on account of the change in her situation must necessarily become melancholy and care-worn, being himself of that peculiar temperament which can only exist under the rays of the genial sun of prosperity. Well would it have been for Mary could she have thrown aside the veil and read the real sentiments of his heart, but the true woman is ever prone to attribute to the object of her affections those virtues which she herself possesses. When Mr. Welton first became a visitor at Mr. Newcourt's, Mary was permitted to assemble with the young ladies in the parlor, but as his visits became more frequent, she was instructed that her place was in the governess's room, whither she might retire when the duties of the day were over ; and if she could enjoy the society of Miss Ward, a staid maiden lady some twenty years her senior, it was all the same to the gay and fashionable Miss Newcourts, but in whose society Mary took sincere delight, and learned much, for in the uninterrupted quiet of that chamber she received those counsels of experience and wisdom, accompanied by that generous sympathy and warm interest which ever flow from a true and benevolent heart, that led her to seek for permanent happiness far beyond the hopes and prospects of earthly ambition. The year had now nearly expired and Mary's wages became due. She had already learned a

bitter lesson, which still weighed heavily at her heart, that of keen, remorseless disappointment, besides witnessing the selfish vanity and heartless indignity of the Miss Newcourts, but not prepared for the calm, cool insolence that followed her intimation that the time had arrived in which she was to receive the amount her due, and which was now her sole dependence. But after talking some time about "easy work," "great privileges," "fine time of it," and cavilling about "hard times and no money," Mr. Newcourt promised, with much apparent sincerity, that if Mary would remain three months longer, the whole sum should be forthcoming at that time. She consulted her mother, who, though Mary's health was slightly impaired, advised her to remain, at the same time denying herself the gratification of Mary's society that she might accumulate a little fund by means of which they would not be subjected to the embarrassment of depending upon others. But Mary's health began to fail, and at the end of three months she was obliged to return home. Still Mr. Newcourt delayed paying for his daughters' tuition, and when Mrs. Milford called for it, he denied the debt, and told her there was no evidence that any such bargain existed between Mary and himself, but knowing she was poor, he let her remain at his house out of charity. Mrs. Milford could make no reply, for she scarcely realized whether it was a bewildering dream or a fearful reality. When she recovered her consciousness Mr. N. had disappeared, and she returned home with a sad and heavy heart. She related the circumstances to a friend, who expostulated with Mr. Newcourt, but to no purpose; in vain did he appeal to his sense of justice or his sympathy, in vain did he picture the distressed situation of the widow and the suffering daughter, and not having the means to secure the decision of a court of justice, Mrs. Milford silently submitted to the wrong and cruelty, veri-

fying the proverb, "Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is forgotten of his neighbor." Mrs. Milford, therefore, with renewed energy and industry, plied her needle early and late, that she might support herself and procure for her daughter some of those little delicacies which render the long, tedious hours of sickness less wearisome and painful. Mary had now been at home about three months, and as she was fast approaching her last change, her mother's anxiety and affection seemed still more intense, but no murmur escaped the lips of Mary—she was sinking down gently into the water of death's cold river, her subdued spirit had caught the sweet influence of that atmosphere which knows neither cold nor sorrow, and she was soon to enter that blest abode where light and peace and joy forever reign. But to hasten our narrative: the day on which it commences had nearly worn away, and Mrs. Milford had finished the work on which she was engaged, and hurried over to Mrs. Brimley's with hope and anxiety beaming in her countenance. At the door she met a servant who took the work to her mistress, with the message that "Mrs. Milford wished to speak with her;" after waiting some time in the hall the servant returned saying that Mrs. Brimley was preparing to attend the wedding, and if Mrs. Milford would call in next day she would settle with her. Mrs. Milford returned from the abode of wealth, where she had waited too long, sick at heart, and confused with torturing thoughts, she fairly reeled as she left the door to return to her humble cottage. The day was fast verging into twilight as she bent her steps homeward and hastened into the little sick-room, where upon a bed of death lay the object of all her earthly hopes. When she approached the bed, she discovered a change in the color of the bedding, which was snowy white, and the truth flashed upon her mind,—a blood vessel had broken in her absence, and very soon all would be

over with her darling child ; she quickly lighted a lamp, then kneeling beside the bed and kissing her fair, smooth brow, she heard her whisper, "Farewell, dear mother, weep not for me," and calmly closed her eyes to slumber sweetly on till the dawning of that great day when the "secrets of all hearts shall be made known." At half-past seven o'clock on that evening, the young, the fair, the good and gentle Mary Milford passed away. On the same evening, and at the same time, the noble and manly looking Charles Welton and the gay, fascinating and costly attired Lucy Newcourt, were united in the solemn ties of matrimony. But in the costly display of the splendid apartments, the music and mirth, the gayety and fashion which greeted the eye and ear on that evening, could it be supposed that one sad lingering thought of Mary came like an unbidden guest into the chamber of his heart for her whose vows were pledged in the light of eternal truth, and who would have sacrificed life itself to prove her fidelity and devotion ? Or did the cadence of one sweet plaintive note call up in Lucy's mind the image of the gentle music-teacher, or one leaden-winged thought find its way into that selfish bosom, calling back to memory the groundless insinuations cast upon her innocence, or the haughty insolence and contempt heaped upon her while under their roof, thus remorselessly strewing her path with thorns ? Or did one repentant sigh escape her lips, when, later in the evening, came the intelligence that "Mary Milford was dead ?" Or did remorse, like a grim spectre, knock at the door of Newcourt's heart as his eye rested on the magnificent furniture around him, and whisper, "The money, the legal right which thou hast withheld, and which might have smoothed her passage to the tomb," will never more be sought for by Mary, but, like a canker-worm, will gnaw at thine inmost soul ? These are questions which the heart

alone can answer ; and their settlement will be delayed until the last great day of accounts, when their final adjustment will be signed and sealed by an impartial Judge.

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Music.

AN ESSAY.

Is there not an undefinable harmony existing in the world? Who can describe the mysterious, irresistible power which music exerts over the human heart? The most acute ear and vivid imagination, the most comprehensive language combined, would fail to give a correct representation of the different effects, produced by the "harmony of sweet sounds" in all their multiplicity of variations from "grave to gay," from plaintive and sad to mirthful and joyous ; nor is it less true that the ear would not grow weary were the tones of melody to change in conformity to the sympathies and feelings of human nature. Let the care-worn peasant, whose toils and anxieties have traced their furrows and cast their shadows over his brow, but hear again his favorite air, the strains perhaps of some bard of his native land, how soon will his features glow with a new emotion, his eye sparkle with a new lustre, while his whole being seems conveyed back, as it were, amid the scenes of other days, and he will again renew the ties of early associations, again will appear before him in golden array the bright visions of his early dreams, and emotions which, perhaps, for nearly half a century had slumbered in the silent recesses of his bosom, are awakened into life ! He stands upon another soil, he breathes a purer, freer air, and all that is dear in his memory rushes vividly before him !

Again, with what a gentle, soothing influence do the tones of sweet, low music fall upon the ear of one whose heart has been crushed with the weight of many sorrows, the broken vase of withered flowers, and the light of whose once brilliant star of hope has gone out in darkness—then

As silently falls the fresh dew on the flower
That calmly and tenderly sleeps on its breast,
Music steals o'er the heart with an unseen power
And its passionate throbbings are hushed to rest.

Yes—often amid the gay and busy scenes, the pleasures and fascinations of life, does the stricken one, from the depths of solitude which reign within, echo back the strain, “’Tis music alone that can open the springs of this dark, frozen bosom.” The melting, soul-subduing influence of music, like the siren’s spell, throws around a flowery veil of beautiful dyes, shutting out from the mind’s eye all that is sad and dreary, and for the moment the over-burdened heart is beguiled of its sorrows, and the wounded spirit is soothed into a sweet repose! Nor is the effect of music less apparent upon those for whom life’s pathway glows with the sunshine of happiness, the eye beams more brightly, the laugh is more joyous, the footstep falls lightly, and the bounding heart seems to beat in unison with the merry peals, as in rapid succession they burst upon the delighted ear, or sink away in sweetest cadence, thrilling with enlivening strains, or touching with their gentle pathos until the “harp of a thousand strings” is swept with an unseen hand, and all its chords in sweet vibration mingle in the overflowing tide of song.

And again, does not a high and holy influence enwrap the soul as strains of sacred music, as the “songs of Zion” greet the ear? When accompanied by the deep-toned organ’s lofty peal—the tuneful voice repeats the sacred

anthem which ascends in grateful praise to heaven's King, a silent awe and solemn reverence pervades the listening throng, while a salutary and religious influence is exerted over the mind even of the sceptic! But to the devoted worshipper of the Most High the heart is tuned afresh, the affections are elevated, and the whole soul is filled with heavenly aspirations, for ever and anon a faint allusion of the songs of Paradise flitso'er him; and through the bright vista of eternal years, he is permitted to join a seraph's song, while the music of Heaven's full choir falls sweetly on his enraptured ear! Does not the soldier, with an eagerness and enthusiasm almost amounting to adoration, hail the notes of the national air of his native land? A new inspiration seems to possess his bosom; his patriotism is kindled into a flame, as cheer after cheer denotes his devotion, and he feels that he is a better soldier, while he again renews his allegiance, and buckles on his armor to defend the honor of his "Country's Flag."

Music! inexhaustible theme—the soul, the voice of praise! How often in imagination do the thoughts wander back through the mists of impenetrable years to the time when "the morning stars sang together," and the universe was vocal with the praise of its Creator, or listen in silent admiration to the "sweet singer of Israel," while pouring forth his devotions in one perpetual song of praise. And, later still, can we not in imagination hear the echo awakened by the Pilgrim Band, in the beautiful and expressive words of Mrs. Hemans, as

"They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer!
Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard—and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free."

And can we not picture to ourselves the wild son of the forest, as the notes of that first song of religious freedom, mingled with the hoarse murmur of the rocking pines, borne on the rude gale through the forest gloom, broke upon his astonished ear! awing him into a wistful silence and for the time controlling his untamed and savage nature. To the lover of music (and who loves it not), the sweet symphonies of nature are ever blending in sublimest harmony; from the low gurgling of the laughing rivulet to the cataract's tremendous roar; from the softest whisper of the evening zephyr, to the angry moaning of the threatening gale, and from the low, sweet humming of the bee to the merry carol of the joyous bird, one song of melody goes forth.

And lastly, who can doubt that music is the theme of heaven? But who shall attempt to describe the melody of angel voices? Is not language tame and irrelevant, while the loftiest flight of imagination fails to reach a limit and is lost in its own vague ideal? But some feeble conception of the sweetness, the thrilling pathos, the soul-subduing and sublime harmony of the heavenly choristers may be indulged, from the expressions of those who have reached the brink of death's cold river, as across the flood were borne the soft, sweet notes of fairy-like music, enchanting the ear and charming the soul, while, with an earnestness not to be mistaken, they exclaim—

Yes, I have heard the angels singing,
And they beckon; can I stay?
Round my heart fond ties are clinging,
Yet I long to be away.

And in the language of the young and gifted J. L. Joice, in his visions of the "Better Land," written a short time before his departure, where the heavenly aspirations of his soul are thus poured forth:—

"In dreamy moods I've heard a mellow ringing,
Borne from thy hills across the space of years;
And often low, sweet cadences of singing
Have thrilled my soul, and melted me to tears

"I see no forms upon thy amber bridges,—
My eye not perfect and the way yet long;
But there are angels on the crystal ridges,
For I have heard the harp-notes of their song."

What a rich depth of meaning have those beautiful words—they are indeed the soul, the essence of true poetry! From such aspirations as these may we not entertain some faint idea of the reality; besides, how cheering and elevating the thought, that when life with its burdens of sorrow and care—its long tedious pages of prose interspersed with so little of life's poetry—all shall have passed away, and the emancipated spirit is permitted to enter the portals of the celestial city—that it shall be greeted by the full-robed choir whose golden harps are attuned to swell the ceaseless anthem of redeeming love in the high and holy abode of light and blessedness.

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Scraps from a Note-Book.

IN August of the summer of 18—, while occupying the position of a country school-teacher, and enjoying the non-descript privilege of "boarding 'round," it became necessary to make my appearance at the house of Mr. P., which was situated on the summit of a narrow ridge of land, which, from a sort of similarity, was very properly termed "The Cat's Back," rising perhaps twenty or thirty feet above the surface of the St. Lawrence, whose limpid waters might

might be seen at a short distance flowing peacefully along in their unobstructed journey. The day of which I am about to speak was unusually warm, but no cloud obscured the horizon, and nothing but a light haze or mist, on its very verge, could be construed into the token of an approaching storm; the atmosphere was sultry, and the air so calm and still, not a leaf was seen even to tremble upon the trees which were scattered here and there around the little log school-house; the landscape was spread out in nature's richest loveliness; the river itself, with scarce a ripple to play upon its bosom, seemed one vast sheet of solid crystal, and the sun in cloudless splendor reigned the monarch of the scene. After the duties of the day were over I could not resist the temptation to linger at the school-house and enjoy an hour of silence and meditation. At length the idea of a new boarding-place prompted me to bend my steps thitherward; I walked nearly a mile, passing a thick copse of brushwood, with here and there a tall pine looking majestically down upon the fragrant shrubbery beneath, and soon reached the dwelling, which was a rude hut, constructed of logs, but elevated to the highest peak of "The Cat's Back." It contained but one room and a garret, which was appropriated to my use for the ensuing week. As I approached the house, a thought flashed across my brain, that it would be a fearful refuge in an August thunder-storm; but the hospitality and kindness with which I was received soon dissipated from my mind any apprehensions of future danger. Wishing to retire early, I was escorted to the garret, and climbing a sort of ladder, soon found myself in a sleeping apartment which more resembled an observatory; for through the openings in the gable and the roof the moon and stars could be clearly seen, while on the verge of the western horizon appeared a ridge of clouds, whose snowy tops, in the silver moonbeams, looked more like pledges of tranquillity than harbingers of

fear. After musing a short time upon the novelty of my situation, I fell into a profound slumber, when, about midnight, a heavy crash of thunder awoke me, the wind roared through the trees, and the lightning was so incessant that the rafters of the garret could be easily counted; the thunder was almost deafening, as peal after peal and crash after crash reverberated from hill to valley, until the groaning of the earth beneath seemed to respond like an answering echo, and the rain, instead of "pattering gently on the roof," seemed pouring down as though the clouds were about to discharge their last drop; and one might easily have been impressed with the idea that the spirit of the storm had chosen this elevated locality for its midnight revelry.

I was indeed terrified beyond description, and did not wish to remain in so dreadful a place. I was afraid to try a descent on the ladder by which I ascended; besides, what would the family think? Would they not take me for an apparition or storm-spirit? There was no alternative, and I summoned all my fortitude and resolutely made up my mind to wait patiently the result of the agitated elements, or the dawn of morning. But morning dawned at last, as beautiful as when it first smiled on Eden, and only a stray cloud could here and there be seen sailing gracefully along in the clear blue of the heavens; the air seemed loaded with fragrant incense, nature's silent offering to its Divine Author, and earth with its foliage and shrubbery seemed still more beautiful with the fresh rain-drops still sparkling upon them; indeed everything in nature was refreshed and gladdened by the grateful showers; a few tall pines could be seen in the distance, which had braved the storms of nearly a century, but were now splintered, one of which was actually burning, having caught the electric flash: aside from this, no injury could be discovered. My heart was moved with grati-

tude to "Him who ruleth the storm." for the preservation of my life during the night ; and though years have rolled by since the occurrence, yet the fears and reflections which it occasioned will never be forgotten. No trace of the dwelling, not even a log, remains ; the wood-land has since been converted into fields of golden grain, and the little log school-house has long since been replaced by a modern structure ; but the scenes connected with it will ever be a cherished oasis in the landscape of my memory.

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Keep the Heart Right.

ARE you a tiller of the soil ? There is nothing that will stimulate to energy or enable you in unshaken faith to commit the seed to earth with the expectation that it shall spring forth and be gathered again with an increase for the laborer, like *keeping the heart right*. The nearer man can approach the great Creator of the earth, the more confidently can he rest upon the promise that "seed-time and harvest shall not fail."

Are you a mechanic ? There is nothing that will secure employment like *keeping the heart right*. Though you are not a master workman, it will be said of you, "He is a man I can trust ; always know where to find him ; he is like a wheel which turns all the others, if not so swift in its revolutions ;" and should sickness and misfortune overtake you, then you are not forgotten, but surrounded by those who are ready, with willing hands and warm hearts, to extend their sympathy and friendship.

Are you engaged in mercantile pursuits ? There is noth-

ing more calculated to insure success than confidence in yourself, which is easily obtained by keeping the heart right. If you rely upon your own integrity, others will rely upon you; but if, through an inadvertent or dishonorable act, you lose the confidence of your fellow-men, and you are marked by distrust, your business affairs begin to falter, and you must rely upon a shrewd business tact, or a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune, but will learn by experience, perhaps too late, that your only safety depends upon keeping the heart right.

Are you a writer? Keeping the heart right is a necessary qualification. It is much easier for a person to describe what he believes or has experienced, than attempt to delineate, though it may be in the highest style of illustration or the most glowing colors, those virtues and principles to which he is a stranger. Besides, the mask is at times permitted to fall off; it is therefore not only the best foundation upon which to build any structure, but it is a ceaseless well-spring which sends forth its clear and limpid currents, scattering blessings along its pathway, not only fertilizing and refreshing, but gratifying and cheering all who may come within the range of its influence. How priceless those gems of thought—the true source of all literature—which are imbedded in that unseen moral mine, the heart; and when its motives are pure, it is constantly sending forth its sparkling emanations, its bright and precious treasures, which are as imperishable as the gold which is extracted from the earthly mine. Their power and influence are untold! They are destined to live on through the annals of time—to become household words in future ages, long after the casket in which they were enshrined has been mingled with its kindred dust. The reverse is as true, that an impure fountain cannot send forth pure streams, but is constantly accumulating with increased power its deleterious

influences, which cannot fail to devastate and blight wherever they may have scope.

Are you a preacher of the Gospel? There is no eminence to which you can arrive, by literary attainments, scientific research, or any other intellectual requirement, which may be obtained by wealth or influence, which is so lofty and sublime, so free from selfishness or reproach, so blessed and purifying to all beneath the shadow of its influence, as that *eminence* which is attained by keeping the heart right.

From such a source the sacred streams of truth and purity are ever welling up in their native simplicity and eloquence—their moral grandeur and sublimity. It may be said of such a minister: he it is whom “God delights to honor,” and who in the great harvest will be found “bearing his sheaves.” He is one around whom the best affections of the heart will centre; his words of kindness and deeds of love are never forgotten; and when he shall take his place in the brilliant and glorious constellation, the rays of his sun-bright glory will never cease to shine along the darkened pathway of the toil-worn traveller as he journeys on toward the mansions of eternal rest.

Are you a soldier? You can never be a brave or faithful one without the heart is right; but a soldier who is confident of the purity of his intentions, is prepared to meet his fate, whatever it may be; but stimulated by the noblest patriotism, is ready to devote his life to the service of his country, and inspired by the most heroic zeal, to defend the interests of a just and righteous cause.

Are you a Christian? Which indeed you cannot be without this elementary principle, to enable you to exercise and carry out the great rules of morality and religion; but if *the heart is right* at the starting-point, progression is certain, for the Christian’s course is ever “upward and onward,” approaching nearer to the true source of all perfec-

tion ; and as he journeys swiftly along, bravely breasting the stern realities of human life, his influence is irresistible, because his examples are of a character which cannot be misunderstood—they are developed in all those arts which may be termed “missions of love and errands of mercy.”

From the blessed fountain of a *heart that is right* flow those pure streams which are to enlighten and regenerate mankind—elevating the standard of philanthropy, patriotism and Christianity, from whose moral height floats the beautiful banner, bearing the inscription “Peace and good-will to man,” gratitude and love toward his Divine Benefactor.

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The Contrast.

A SKETCH.

IN the flourishing little village of O., in a quiet and neat part of the town, stood an elegant mansion, adorned alike by nature and art. The graceful foliage of choice shrubbery and the fragrant perfume of rare plants and flowers filled the air, while they greeted the passer-by with their silent yet eloquent beauty. It was twilight, and the calm clear sky looked down upon a scene of loveliness ; the window toward the west was raised, and the warm summer breezes were playing with the thick folds of rich curtain that hung from the ceiling ; near the window, on a snowy couch, lay a beautiful child of five or six summers ; the light breeze fanned its fevered cheek and waved the sunny curls that lay loosely around its fair young brow ; disease was pictured upon its features, for Death had

touched the prostrate form of the sleeper with his icy wand, and the bright current of its young life was becoming cold and sluggish, the fragile flower was drooping, and on a few short hours hung all the hopes of future years which fond parents had cherished ; all that medical skill could devise or affection prompt was lavished in vain ; the home of luxury had no charm to woo the restless spirit or stay the sad moment of its departure, and the pride, the darling of the household, was borne away on the white wings of an unseen escort. The gilded coffin, the weeping mourners, the splendid equipage of the funeral cortège, the sculptured monument, were all that gave evidence that the child had not been only a beautiful vision, but a reality ; but these are all unnoticed by the freed spirit, for the treasures of earth can add no beauty to an immortal crown.

Only a short distance from the mansion spoken of, and in a low-roofed, miserable cottage, the abode of poverty, lay another child upon a dying couch ; the crowded tenement, surrounded by filthy hovels, scarcely emitted a breath of pure and wholesome air ; the absence of furniture in the apartment, and the total lack of the comforts and delicacies of the sick-room told the stranger that sorrow and privation were the inmates of the dwelling ; but over the wasted form of the child bent an affectionate mother. Alone, long days and nights had that faithful mother anxiously ministered to the wants of the object of her dearest affections ; diligently had she tried to win him back to life, as though a loving heart could shield its treasure or revoke the sentence conveyed by death's messenger. The fair child had perhaps grown older and wiser by sorrow, for, fixing his bright blue eyes upon his mother, he whispered, " Don't cry for Willie, Ma ; I'm going to live in a pretty house, so bright and warm, where Willie won't be cold again or hungry. Dear mother, you will come there too, and

never weep or work again." "Then the angels gently bore him to their blissful home in light." No more will that fond mother hear the childish prattle of her darling boy, or see the sunny smile that so often cheered her weary hours, or listen for the patter of his little feet after going on some simple errand; her all of earthly hope and comfort, the light of her dwelling has departed, and left a blight upon her prospects and a blank within her heart. A carriage to convey the rude coffin to its resting-place, a solitary mourner, followed by a few neighbors, a Christian minister, whose words of heartfelt sympathy fell like balm upon the wounded spirit, were all that told a young immortal had winged its flight to the heavenly world, to shine as a jewel in the Saviour's crown through the long ages of eternity. The little travellers have departed; their tiny forms are sleeping alike in the quiet resting-place of the dead; and though they mingled not on earth, they now mingle in the heavenly throng, and unite their tuneful voices in the anthem of the redeemed; though they differed in their appearance here, they are now clothed in the imperishable habiliments of heaven. Short, indeed, was the period of their earthly existence compared with that upon which they have entered. What boots it now whether those young blossoms first inhaled the breath of morning in the rich palace, or lowly cottage? What boots it now whether allied to the wealthy and great, or the poor and humble? It is the immortal spirit, and not its frail casket, which rises above all earthly considerations, and commands respect or merits contempt through the out-workings of its own inherent qualities of good or evil, and is not only destined to live through the annals of time, but when age after age shall have passed away, it will soar on and on through the limitless measure of eternity.

Speak a kind Word when You can.

MANY, indeed, are the thorns which spring up in life's pathway, piercing remorselessly the feet of the way-worn traveller, and often the heart, in its silent sorrow, is thrown back upon itself with an overburdened weight of care, finding no cherished retreat, no green spot in the great waste upon which it can rest. It is true, there are times, it would seem, when the fountain of human sympathy forgets to flow, or its sweet streams have become crystallized by the benumbing influence of selfishness; in such an hour how sweetly falls on the wounded spirit a kind word, a pleasant smile, an encouraging look, or a friendly recognition; yes, these are the sunny spots of life, the flowers among the thorns, the oasis of the desert; and often have they been instrumental in raising the fallen, stimulating the despondent, awaking into life and activity, inspiring with hope and ambition that spirit which had almost learned to look with distrust upon a cold and selfish world, and under its burden of misfortunes was ready to sink in despair. There is a chord in the human breast which can only be touched by the power of kindness, and then it sends forth its sweet tones like the rich music filling the air with melody, which can only be produced by a master-hand. Kindness is not only a moral lever but a moral law, and is the basis of that rule of rules, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." It is like a never-failing well-spring whose streams, if they are permitted to flow, will not only fertilize and gladden on every side, but will purify the fountain, rendering its waters clear and healthful; not only scattering blessings for others, but returning to bless the bosom from whence it sprang. Without this

heaven-born principle the earth would be a dreary wilderness, and life one constant scene of warfare and strife. If, then, by a kind word you can prevent one drop of bitterness in life's cup, or dry one tear of grief, or by its gentle influence cause a smile to beam on the features of the care-worn and sorrow-stricken, withhold it not. How incomparable its cost with the sublime effects, how precious the sacred promise, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself;" how blessed the consciousness that even one good act or desire is approved and registered in heaven.

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The Fourth of July.

CORRESPONDENCE OF "THE ADVANCE."

As we are again approaching the anniversary of our nation's birthday—ever memorable to freemen—and our hearts are beating high with patriotism and liberty, let us prepare to celebrate the day in a manner befitting the nation's honor, and becoming to the dignity of the loyal freemen who are now enjoying the heaven-descended blessing, and who are willing to sacrifice life that the priceless boon of liberty, the sacred privileges which we enjoy, may be transmitted to future generations. Never has there been a time since the scenes of Lexington and Bunker Hill, when the great heart of this Republic beat so quick to the soul-stirring song of liberty, or kindled with such a glow of fervent and devout patriotism, which, like an electric thrill, at the same moment seems to vibrate through every nerve, and inspire anew every high and holy affection! Never, indeed, to us have the starry folds of our own proud

flag—the emblem of greatness and the joy of every eye—appeared in such brilliancy and beauty, or so dear to our hearts, as at the present. Breathes there a freeman beneath the dome of heaven that does not respond in sympathy and devotion to the throbbings of the great pulse of the nation, or does not feel the life-blood start afresh in his veins when the sword of treason or rebellion is pointed even at the smallest fibre of its constitutional frame-work? The bursts of enthusiasm called forth by an overflowing love of country, which greet the ear on every passing breeze, tell us emphatically that the spirit of liberty is still burning upon our altars, and its fires cannot be quenched but with the total extinction of all things. Here, in this garden of the West, it has been cradled and nurtured. “It has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength,” until it has become a luminary in the moral and political heavens—a beacon to point the exile and the oppressed of every land to a friendly haven. Shall we not hail the day, dedicated through all ages to freedom, with joy and gratitude, surpassing the manifestations of any former occasion? Shall not the fires of ’76 glow again with unwonted brilliancy, and every voice be tuned to catch the stirring notes of the nation’s anthem? Yes, let the glorious Stars and Stripes which float from every pinnacle, forming almost one vast canopy, be greeted with a cheer that will reverberate across the waters of old St. Lawrence, and in thunder-tones be heard down south of Mason and Dixon’s line! Let every freeman awake to celebrate the nation’s jubilee, and let your zeal stimulate and cheer the “brave hearts and strong hands” who are defending the nation’s liberty and battling for God and their country. The dark and portentous cloud which has so long been hovering over the Republic, in a measure obscuring the bright sun of liberty, and, like an incubus, clogging the wheels of progress, has burst

asunder, and is now seen retiring to the verge of the horizon, and if we are true to our country and our God, unborn generations will arise to hail our nation's birthday in the cloudless sunlight of Heaven-approved and blood-bought freedom.

SEA-WEED.

OGDENSBURG, *June 25, 1861.*

—'O:—

Shall we Falter ?

WRITTEN FOR "THE ADVANCE."

THOUGH there are many discouraging circumstances around us which may occasionally cast a gloom over our spirits, and which may seem for a time to obscure the light and beauty which emanate from the immutable principles of Truth and Justice, yet those principles exist, and their influences will as surely be felt in the moral world as the rays of the sun in the natural, after the clouds and the mists have disappeared in the horizon. If the harmony and perpetuity of the American Union, the rights and privileges guaranteed by the Constitution to every American citizen. the Constitution itself, had never been assailed by rebels and traitors, never could we have known the value of the soil upon which we tread, the air of freedom we breathe, or how precious and beautiful in our sight are the folds of the star-gemmed American flag. Never could we have known the extent of the deep, burning love of country, the self-denying heroism, the firm and uncompromising principles cherished by every true American and patriot, without an opposing element to develop and ripen into maturity those inestimable qualities in the breast of man of which a

nation should be justly proud. And this influence is now being felt ; the sword of treason and rebellion is pointed at the very heart of loyalty ; the giant walls of the Republic are trembling with the hoarse, rumbling shock of a Secession earthquake, and the unhallowed fire is kindled which would immolate the fairest temple of human liberty ; we are assailed by rebels without, and traitors in our very midst—still more to be dreaded ; yes, there exists beneath the shelter of the Stars and Stripes a species of insolent treason which “ walks abroad at noon-day ” and in “ high places,” the miserable result of human ambition and selfishness, which would paint its own inglorious name on the top of a pinnacle where the world might behold it ; but, alas ! in borrowed colors. The true merit of the citizen and soldier is being tested by self-denial and loyalty to the Government—the Rebellion is but the trial of our fidelity ; our cause is the cause of humanity, and all that is dear to us is at stake—a cause in which the united North is engaged, calling for a union of principle and purpose, of effort and action, prompted by an undying love of liberty, and fidelity to the common brotherhood of man. And shall we falter ? We seek no conquest, we invoke no foreign aid ; we arm for defence, for the protection of our homes and Government ; we vindicate the right of freemen, bequeathed to us by the sainted Pilgrims ; we defend the Constitution handed down by the patriots of the Revolution, standing upon the broad platform of the Declaration of American Independence. Shall we falter, when, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific is re-echoed one long, loud response to the call of the Government ? When the fires of freedom are bursting forth afresh from every valley and hill-top, and the heart of the nation is beating time to the triumphant shout of Liberty ? When party names are forgotten in the general burst of enthusiasm, and the one sublime idea of transmitting

untrammelled to future generations the blessings of liberty bequeathed by our forefathers actuates every heart, and while we witness one spontaneous "movement" in behalf of the "Constitution and the Union," and rank after rank, column after column, are marching on to the contest? Soldiers of 1861! Shall we falter? Never! "Our cause is just!" is emblazoned on every shield.

"Come, then, great shades of glorious men,
From your still glorious grave;
Look on your own proud land again,
O bravest of the brave!
We call you from each mouldering tomb,
And each blue wave below,
To bless the world ye snatched from doom
Two hundred years ago!"

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty;" and until Rebellion is driven from the land, we adopt the words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

SEA-WEED.

OGDENSBURG, *Oct.*, 1861.

—:O:—

Scraps from a Note-Book.

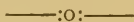
[Written for THE ADVANCE.]

ON a gloomy evening in April of 18—, I was sitting alone in my room. The stillness of the apartment and the murky atmosphere without had perhaps their full influence upon my sensitive nature; but be that as it would, I soon found myself busily occupied with thoughts less congenial to my feelings than the solitude which surrounded me, and

though accustomed to looking at the brightest pictures in the great panorama of life, yet owing to the realities of my situation I had no control over the thoughts which intruded themselves upon my hour of meditation. I had always been industrious and given satisfaction to my employers ; I had endeavored to be punctual, upright and honest, and now I had sought attainable employment which I felt competent to undertake, once, twice, thrice, and was doomed to disappointment. I had not only to depend upon my own exertions for a livelihood, but there were others dearer to me than life whom I felt bound to protect by every sacred tie. My means were nearly exhausted, and soon poverty would stare me in the face ! What could I do ? Where should I turn ? Those with whom I daily associated endeavored to rally my drooping spirits, and though I appreciated their sympathy, I could discover no mine wherein I might search for gold. Could I expose my situation to those whom I saw around me ? My pride was unconquered, and revolted—I could not. I had already received assistance from distant relatives, and forbore to afflict them by disclosing my sad tale of sorrows—my deep untold anguish ! I belonged to societies whose confidence I enjoyed, but my voice was silent—my heart beat heavily, and I inwardly shuddered at the faintest idea of making known the cause of my embarrassment ; and what was most piercing of all, I was connected with those whom fortune had favored with wealth, but who passed me by with only a cold bow of recognition ; and why ? Had I ever done anything to merit coldness or contempt ? Alas ! the sun of prosperity did not shine also for me ; I had tasted life's bitter cup and proved the emptiness of human professions ; I had experienced the injustice and cruelty of masked selfishness and hollow-hearted treachery. I had given no cause for such ungenerous treatment. I reflected

upon my past life, but became the more firm in the opinion that the balance of account was in my favor ; I had cheerfully responded to every call, even at the risk of my own health and happiness. Was not this, my hour of need, the very time when I had a right to expect sympathy ? But the return was chilling neglect, heartless ingratitude ! Oh ! base human depravity ; how all that is noble and good in nature revolts at the developments of thine inhumanity ! And were it not there are magnanimous and generous spirits—that there are green and sunny spots in the garden of life—that there are fragrant and beautiful flowers scattered all along its pathway, the world indeed would be a desert, where the gentle and good, the fair and the lovely could never dwell. But to return : the evening was wearing away, the coals which had been glowing in the grate were becoming dim, and I was about comparing them with my sinking hopes and unfavorable prospects, when the question arose in my mind—shall I, who have battled bravely with all the trying vicissitudes of life, give way to despair ? I who have faced death and danger, and struggled with the wild waves of adversity as they have rolled recklessly around me while the elements were in fearful commotion ? I who have been so often guided by the cheering star of hope, and have learned to meet difficulty and disappointment, trial and suffering with composure—learned to control passion and to govern my wishes and tastes ? But I was unprepared for the trial of seeing those whom I loved subjected to the iron grasp of poverty. No—I would not despair—I would arouse all my energies, I would make another effort, I would school myself to diligence and patience, listening to the teaching, “ Let not mercy and truth forsake thee ; bind them about thy neck ; write them upon the table of thine heart : So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.” I arose

as if inspired by the thought, while I seemed to hear a whisper, "Prosperity shall be thine." Suddenly I heard a gentle tap at the door and the well-known voice of a friend inquired, "Have you seen the morning paper?" I answered I had not. "Here is a notice of your engagement in ——." Was it a dream? I took the paper and what was my astonishment when I beheld my name ;—it was really so. I was overcome by emotion. I wept for joy, while a deep feeling of gratitude pervaded my whole being! The heartfelt pleasure of that moment far outweighed the trial and suspense of the many weary hours which had preceded it, and at the same time taught a lesson of trust and submission, which might nerve the faintest heart against apathy and despair, to move onward through the vast unseen future with a firm and even step, while hope, like a constant, brilliant star, through darkness continually points to a blissful Heaven.



Love, Purity, and Fidelity.

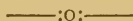
WRITTEN FOR A TEMPERANCE PAPER.

WHEN we reflect upon the vast comprehensibility of these words which have been chosen as the motto of our Order, we pause in silence and in reverence, as we recognize *in them* the import and teachings of the Sacred Volume of Inspiration, and the requirements of the Christian Religion ; comprising at once our duty to God, to ourselves, and to mankind ; may they not be considered the true embodiment of human perfection, flowing, as they do, from its great Eternal Source, and in their nature partaking of the

same spiritual essence? Love, the first of those heaven-born principles, has no limit, and can only be defined by its purifying effects as they flow out in the warm gushings of a noble and generous heart that is ever actuated in the cause of humanity, like the resistless stream that glides joyously along, diffusing life and beauty on either side, and charming the ear with the music of its rippling waters. "Love" in its nature is as unbounded as the regions of space, and unlimited as the perfections of its Divine Author; it spreads its influence far and wide, and smiles alike upon the home of wealth and splendor, or the abode of wretchedness and despair; it is universal in its sympathy, unostentatious in its pretensions, and while it hovers over with the outstretched wing of philanthropy, it would gladly encircle in its arms of protection every creature of the human race; it delights in doing good, in assisting those who through misfortune or otherwise have become subjects of sympathy; it throws its broad mantle over the wretched victims of vice and crime, ever prone to look with mercy and forgiveness upon the wayward and erring; ever ready to defend the helpless, to advocate the cause of the injured or oppressed, and to snatch the victim of intemperance from the grasp of his destroyer. In short, it is that principle in the soul that possesses it which actuates every motive and controls every action; it is a part of Infinity itself, and to whatever degree we may possess it, so far may it be said that we wear the image of our Creator. And finally, "Love," or Charity, as it is sometimes termed, is a living, expanding, progressive principle, which is destined to soar on not only to the final limit of time; but when ages shall have rolled away, it will bloom and beautify in that abode of blessedness where it will be nourished and perpetuated in the sunlight of perfection which emanates from the Eternal Throne. "Purity," the second word of our motto, cannot be defined as a principle

or an incentive to action, but as a state or condition, being an innate quality of the soul, and as such it is the germ from whence springs every pure and sublime thought, every high and holy aspiration ; it is a mine of precious gems which may at any time be gathered from among the rubbish of sordid and selfish passions, and which will eventually shine out in all their native brilliancy and beauty. Though not an active principle in itself, Purity may be said to be the well-spring from whence issue those living streams of love and mercy which are continually flowing on and scattering blessings all along the pathway of human life. Still farther, to "Love and Purity" is added "Fidelity," forming a trio of exalted virtues, embracing all that is sacred and dear to the human heart, all that is great and good, lofty and sublime, in the estimation of every enlightened mind ; and which, owing to their own intrinsic merit, never fail to command respect and veneration, even from the most degraded and vicious. But to speak more fully of "Fidelity," which does not comprehend the former virtues, but is strictly an abiding by or adhering to them, a carrying out of great purposes and noble resolves, and implies self-denial, firmness, perseverance, and an energetic compliance with the requirements of any positive or expressed duty, and takes its place high in the scale of mental and moral worth. Without "Fidelity" a good cause and good desires will prove futile and vain, and ultimately fail to accomplish their great object. It is, therefore, very important that we weigh well the whole bearing of the last and summing up word of the motto which we behold upon entering this respected Hall, and which speaks to us in the "still, small voice," yet silently, and which no ear can successfully shut out ! reminding us of "Love" to mankind, "Purity" of heart and life, and "Fidelity" to the great principles which we have espoused. It reminds us that here the virtues

should exist and flourish, that here fraternal and social ties should be cemented and strengthened by union in a faithful brotherhood, and that here we may imbibe those pure sentiments and correct ideas which fit us for usefulness in life, and which encourage the hope of a blissful future after we shall have left this stage of action, besides being permitted to enjoy the pleasing reflection that our memory will be cherished with gratitude and respect by those to whom we are known. Truly with this motto not only shining out in golden letters among the symbols of our Order. but living and glowing upon the altar of our hearts, we shall not only be prepared to take an exalted position in society, but, standing upon the firm basis of refined morals and unsullied integrity—a sublime and natural result—we shall be guided by that inimitable chart and compass of human life, the Golden Rule. Then will our lives be characterized by Fidelity to the government of our Country, to its unrivalled Institutions ; Fidelity to the cause of humanity, and to the age in which we live ; Fidelity to ourselves and to our God.

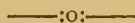


Home.

Is there a heart so steeped in crime, so dead to all the tender sensibilities that make life desirable, or that has grown so callous by contact with a cold and selfish world, that does not thrill with emotion at the sound of the little emphatic word "Home" ? No ! there beats not a heart in the human breast, however unfeeling and sluggish, however coarse, neglected, or degraded, that is not awakened by the sweet, plaintive music of "Home, sweet Home," and, for a short time at least, wanders back to an abode in

the distance perhaps, where every recollection of purity and virtue is centred around *her* whose smile was a precious reward for every little act of kindness and obedience, and who with changeless affection taught the youthful lips to lisp a prayer—or rocked to sleep her infant treasure. But pleasure or happiness is most perfectly enjoyed by that mind which is gifted with the highest appreciative capacities, or that nature which is endowed with the keenest susceptibilities. To such a heart the honored name of Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Husband, Wife, has each its separate and social place in the home and heart of the others! If that place be made vacant—it is vacant indeed, forever; and here it may be remarked how vast are the responsibilities of each member of the domestic circle, possessing in itself all the resources of true friendship and social happiness, bound together by strong and sacred ties—as enduring as the laws which govern the moral world, and which should be cherished and revered as the teachings of their Divine Author! And woe to that recklessness, which would attempt to sunder or disturb with envy or distrust any of those Heaven-approved relations. To one who has wandered far from “That dear spot, his home,” and in a stranger land, care-worn and weary, disease perhaps has fastened itself upon his frame—and stranger hands are administering to his needs, though ever so kindly—how does his heart yearn for the care and sympathy of those whom he loves—the gentle words, the cheering smile of some anxious friend in his distant home, and who, perhaps, would exchange every earthly treasure for such a privilege. Ask that one who, on account of some adverse fortune, has been compelled to leave the sacred protection of a home endeared by a thousand living ties—and who is denied the blessings which are found alone in that cherished retreat—yes, ask such an one, what is the definite value of

the treasure home—and he will tell you, that worlds could not buy, neither could imagination fancy aught that could for a moment be considered a just equivalent. How often will the heart “Turn to that rest like a dove to its nest,” for here is stored not only the soul’s earthly treasure, but its all of earthly happiness. Though the various duties and toils of life may call the wanderer abroad, yet with what eagerness he seeks again that sure retreat—his own, his loved and cherished home. How very important then that home be guarded by all the moral virtues, especially temperance; no unhallowed breath should ever mar, no unkind word should find utterance, no distrustful spirit should ever be allowed to change or chill the confidence of its friendship. With what care and fidelity should woman guard and adorn her empire, *home*, with all that is pleasing and agreeable to eye or ear—for her health, wealth, and happiness! yes, her all of existence is embodied in the short and simple word *home*, where in continual harmony, Faith, Hope, and Charity should dwell, and where should be fostered the blessed hopes of a glorious immortality.



America.

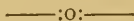
FROM the records of the past we are led to the conclusion that the age in which we live is not only replete with brilliant achievements, far-famed inventions, and astonishing developments throughout the vast fields of science and art, but is destined to take its place among the brightest eras that will be transferred to the table of time, or whose well-filled page of events will be transmitted for the

consideration of those who are yet to appear in the great drama of human life. While the history of time has been dotted here and there with the rise and fall of nations, Young America has stood like a giant amid a host of contending armies! Proud and ambitious in her youthful vigor—strong and defensive in her national rights—benevolent and hospitable to the exile and the oppressed of every clime. Yes, here in this garden of liberty the seed has been sown, which shall spring forth and flourish until the tree is matured, whose broad arms shall not only shelter the weary and oppressed, but extend over the nations of the earth, and whose influence shall be felt even to the remotest islands of the sea. Here, too, has the beacon-fire been lighted, which will guide the traveller verily to a land overflowing with milk and honey. For here are found, still in their primitive purity, the imperishable altars once reared by the sainted Pilgrims, whose names, next to the name of the Pilgrim's God, the grateful American will ever cherish and love. And here where first were kindled the council-fires of the native Indians, are yet kindled the glowing fires of patriotism and liberty, which are destined to burn on truth's sacred altar until all national wrongs have been consumed, and *right* shall be exalted a princess before whom the Nations shall bow; when her beautiful banner, without one dimmed star or tattered stripe, shall wave triumphantly over these northern shores, New England's strand, the fertile prairies of the West, the South's fair land, then shall America take her rank not only as first and foremost in the onward march toward the acme of perfection in the arts and sciences, but first in the scale of civilization, first in the defence of equal rights, in proclaiming freedom for the oppressed, first in extending the blood-bought boon of liberty without reserve, and first in the glorious cause of humanity to man!

Clouds.

WHO that has watched the clouds in their various shapes and attitudes in the vast expanse of ether, has not been impressed with the forcible illustration of the journey of human life. In the morning they seem more calm and quiet than through the day, when they are more frequently subject to the whirlwind's power ; again at evening they appear to rest in placid beauty—so descriptive of Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. Do we not love to behold them sailing in the boundless ocean of azure, changing as often in color, form, and figure, as they do in speed and motion ; claiming their place among the beauties of nature, and displaying the harmony and order, the beauty and grandeur, besides the incomprehensibility of the vast machinery kept in accurate motion by the Divine Architect ? Is there not a lofty sublimity, amounting sometimes to awe, reflected from the cloud ? Even when the storm-king is reigning in the splendor of his despotic power, the dark and threatening aspect of the portentous cloud as it rapidly speeds along in its ærial flight, at times illuminated by the electric flash, and then dark as the gloom of a rayless night, carrying with it the solemn conviction that its Author could be none other than the Great Eternal ! But when the storm has subsided, and all nature again is calm and peaceful, the clouds seem wearied with agitation, and slowly sink away to rest, or skirt the horizon like a retreating host, enjoying the sweet peace and serenity of an evening sky ; then the spirit of beauty that walks forth in light is seen in the cloud—contrasted with the deep blue of its airy home, making the scene so lofty, pure, and beautiful, that while we gaze in admiration, we often feel that the soul is made better by

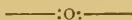
an invisible influence which arises from the contemplation of, and nearness to, the beautiful and good. Who can describe the glorious scene of a bright summer sunset? the gorgeous beauty of the crimson and purple-tinted clouds as they wait in silence the departure of the king of day, and then deepen in the twilight, as if to mourn for the golden beams that arrayed them in their most becoming loveliness. And then again when the gentle moon has arisen to light up the vast amphitheatre of nature, and the light, fleecy clouds are flitting across the horizon in silver-like beauty, with here and there a brilliant star peering out through their openings, they portray a scene of loveliness and magnificence unequalled by anything upon which the eye can rest, or the imagination paint. Diversified as life with smiles and tears, their variety is endless, their forms and motions are changeable as the motives and desires, the joys and sorrows of the human heart. Yet we weary not while gazing upon the lofty, the golden-tinted and snowy clouds.



Rain.

THE beautiful rain! Yes, we have had a refreshing shower! how welcome to the parched earth as well as to every living creature! Who could enumerate how many thousand leaves and buds have opened into life with one warm spring shower? Indeed it would seem as if the sprinkling, pattering, leaping, dancing, joyous rain had awakened peaceful Nature from her long winter revery, and reanimated her silent woods and gardens, fields and meadows, and brought with it the fragrant breath of Spring. What a contrast with those countries watered only by the

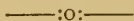
river Nile as it overflows its banks ! Surely the productions of those African countries can never equal the bountiful supply of ours. The foliage can never be so lovely, nor the flowers glow with such bright delicate hues, or exhale such rich and fragrant perfumes. Methinks as we listen, when the air is still, we can hear the gentle working of nature as its quiet machinery is going on, with the help of the Spring showers and other genial influences, without which earth would be a barren waste. Yes, we will love the rain, the glad and laughing rain.



The Utility of Decoration.

THIS subject, which is one embracing ornament and display, gives rise to the question : “ Why so much toil and expense, to accomplish that which in itself is only useless and vain, and demands time and means which might be appropriated to more necessary and praiseworthy purposes ? ” It is true that amongst all the works of art, a certain degree of the ornamental is discovered ; people adorn their dwellings, their shops, their persons ; and whatever their calling and pursuit in life, the signboard which characterizes it stands out in gilded and ornamental letters, an elegant display of the artist's skill. The Poet and the Painter alike adorn with colors drawn from their own ideal world, but such is the fact ; our Churches are ornamented, the streets, walks, and grounds belonging to our cities, and the silent resting-places of the dead, are adorned with all the care, skill and labor, genius and taste, in rich profusion and ever-varying form, which thought can suggest or wealth procure. And why ? The question is a natural

one, and may easily be answered. In the first place, the wise Creator of man has planted within the soul a love of the beautiful ; it is incorporated in our natures, and cannot be subtracted from the elements which compose them. Besides, we may safely follow the example of Him who decorated the Universe, the beautiful heavens gemmed with stars, the green earth adorned with all that is pleasing to behold, the boundless sea, the lofty mountain, the singing brook, the trees of the forest, and endless variety of shrubbery, the lovely flowers of a thousand colors and sweet perfumes, surpassing everything in nature and art, the gorgeous landscape and quiet scenery of a summer's sunset eve, the cloud and rainbow clothed in sublimity, the birds of the air in hues of purple, green and gold, and all the endless varieties of objects in sea, in earth and air, of beautiful forms and dyes, created and decorated by the sublime Artist, we are led to the conclusion that it is not only right and proper but tends to the approximation more nearly to that spirit which emanates from the fountain of beauty and holiness. Cultivating a love for the beautiful will prove an effectual means of exalting the feelings, refining the taste, and in short of raising the moral and intellectual standard of society.



A Sketch.

SOON after the outbreak of the great Rebellion, which cost so much treasure in life and wealth, and desolated the happy homes of so many mourning hearts, two young Volunteers from a small village on the St. Lawrence went into the army. One, in the early morning of life, had not

attained his eighteenth year ; the other a little older, in the first dawn of manhood. But did they go like brothers? The younger, inspired with true patriotism, as high and holy as that which burned in the breast of the "Father of his Country," entered the Union ranks. The other joined the Rebel army. True, he had distant relatives in the South, but his parents, brothers and sisters resided on the bank of the above-named river—their home an elegant mansion, surrounded by broad lands, delightful scenery, and all that nature could lavish to please the eye or gratify the heart. Yet, strange it may seem, he went forth a rebel ! With no animosity toward each other, time after time, battle after battle, those warriors met in deadly combat ! What infatuation could have led that noble boy and that high-born youth to seek each other's life-blood ?

At length in the dreadful battle of Ringgold—in the same hour—they fell, each with his face toward the enemy ! and possibly by each other's hand ! But their ashes will never mingle ! The grave of the young patriot was made on the plain, not far from Ringgold, where he sleeps with the honored dead, the noble and brave. While the remains of the other will lie in a costly tomb, surrounded by the rich and lofty ones of earth ! What a broad distinction, what a wide gulf separates those youthful soldiers, in the esteem and admiration of every lover of his country ! Both were enjoying the golden prospects and glowing hopes that surround the horizon of life's young morning. Both were the pride and cherished idols of loving and devoted friends ; both were rich in intellectual treasures, and adorned with manly qualities of head and heart. But widely different were their chosen paths. One offered his life—a life so dear to himself, his friends, and all who knew him—a sacrifice to his country, that the priceless boon of liberty, the blessed institutions of a free and enlightened people, might be per-

petuated, and above all that this fair and beautiful Republic might stand out before the world a monument to freedom, without spot or blemish, entirely disenthralled from the blight and mildew of human slavery !

The other gave up his life in an unhallowed and inglorious cause, having for its motto, " Might shall conquer Right ;" that power consists in wealth of dollars and human blood, ignoring " Equal Rights," and usurping the authority of the Ruler of the Universe ! And all for what ? To gratify the leaders in their lawless and unholy undertaking.

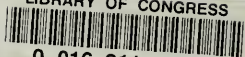
Charlie, we weep for thee ! We seek not to hide our tears ; they fall for our Country's honored dead ; thy memory shall be sacred to our hearts, while the history of our country shall remain.

Sleep, soldier, in thy grave,
'Till life's last battle's o'er,
Then may'st thou join the brave
On life's eternal shore.

Ludlow, we weep for thee ! But let our tears fall where no eye shall behold them. We mourn that one so gifted, so beloved, forgetting every tie that bound him to his Northern home, should ever strike a blow at the root of the tree of liberty. We weep that thy grave may not be numbered with those of our Nation's honored dead ; that the Nation's gratitude may not inscribe thy monument, nor enrol thy name on the marble tablet of memory's page. We can only chant thy melancholy requiem—Farewell ! Farewell !



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